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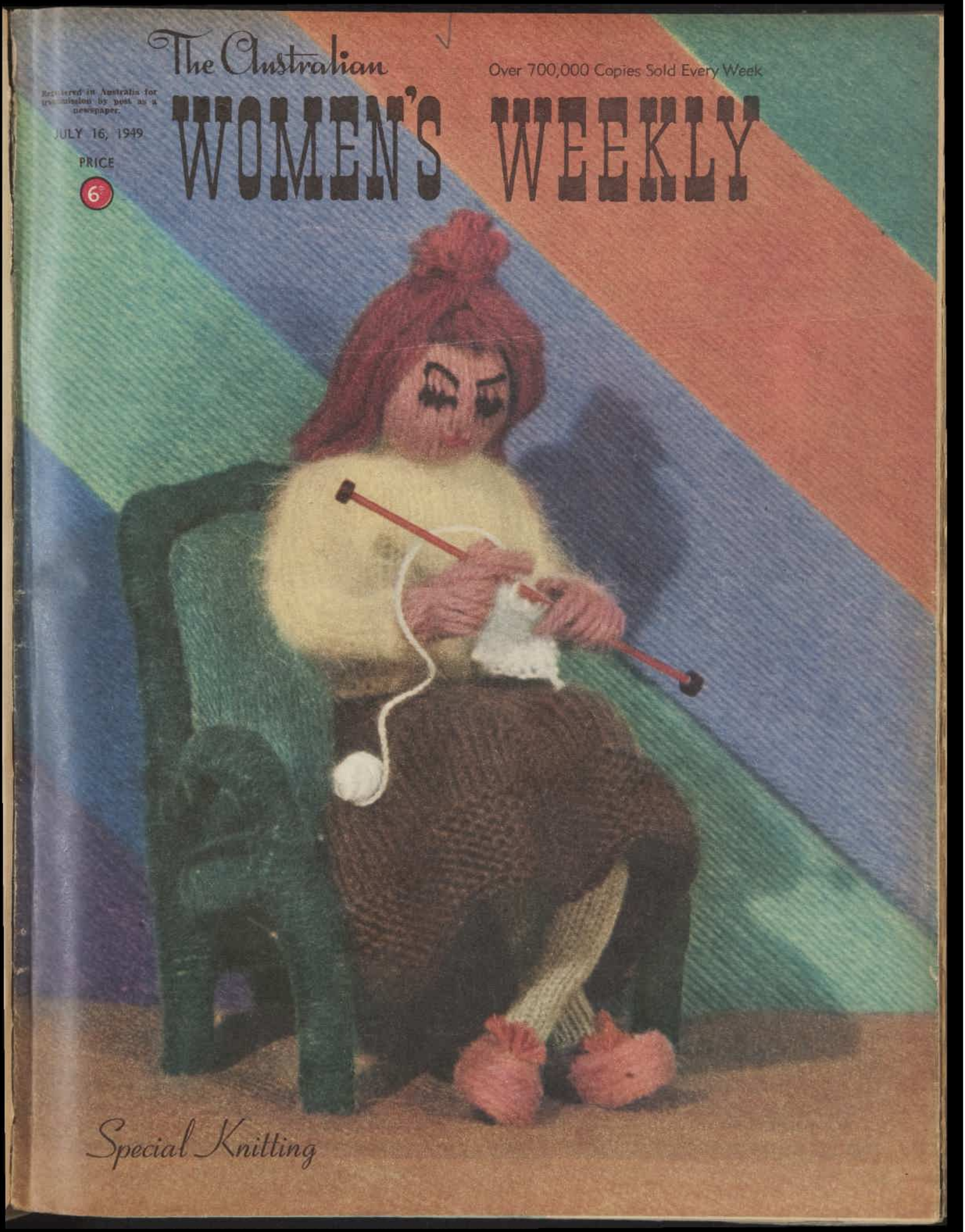

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SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

12 JUL 1949

By FRANCES PATTON

JUICY steak, decided Mrs. Page, with a gentle ooze of pink staining its mashed-potato frill. No garlic. No clutter. She was a purist where steak was concerned.

She was sitting at her dressing-table getting ready to go out to a dinner party. She was in her middle thirties, had a good complexion, an air of amiability, and enough flesh to soften the ridge of her clavicle, so that her low-cut gown became her.

But, as she gazed in the mirror, she was startled by a lean expression on her smooth face. It reminded her of the cat to which she had given the fishy remnants of lunch. Mrs. Page was shocked by the degenerate thing in her character that that reflected look implied. She felt injured, too, as if she were the victim of a cosmic hoax.

She had been led to believe, by every canon of religion and romantic poetry, that high thinking followed plain living as the daffodil the winds of March. This conviction had often sustained her in the arid stretches of the past three weeks.

Mrs. Page had gone to considerable fuss for the sake of the party. She had spent most of the morning in a beauty parlor having the hausfrau look taken out of her, so after lunch she had been busy with drab chores, like cleaning wash-basins and rinsing out stockings, that she had neglected grandly in the morning.

Then she had prepared an early tea for Jane and Lucy and had driven to the other side of the town to fetch Miss Beasly, who was to look after them that evening.

Miss Beasly, though her character was irreproachable, hadn't a personality which wooed the mind from care. All the way to the Pages' house, she had discoursed in a genteel monotone on the demises of her relations.

Fate had been unwilling, it appeared, to grant any of them clean heart failure or quick pneumonia. They had suffered from "blood pressure" or from "glands," or they had met with bizarre accidents.

Mrs. Page had made clucking noises to denote sympathy and had felt uneasy about her children. But she had shrugged off her qualms impatiently. She was going out to have a good time and a good dinner, and she wasn't going to blunt her appetite for either with the treacle of maternal anxiety.

Modern children, brought up on the radio and films, were tough. They would listen like healthy ghouls to Miss Beasly's accounts of fleshly corruption.

She had ushered Miss Beasly into the living-room, called Jane and Lucy, who were quarrelling over the last piece of cake, and gone upstairs to dress.

At the head of the stairs, she had met her husband, clad in a loose, flapping bathrobe. He had looked helpless in what his wife thought a foolish, irritating way.

"My clothes have been stolen," he announced in the manner she had often seen him adopt when laying incontrovertible fact before a jury.

Mrs. Page would have liked to say something sarcastic, but she knew that conjugal unpleasantness would upset her digestion.

"I'm sorry, Jack," she said soothingly. "I put them on the bed in Alex's room. I thought that would give us both more space to spread out."

"Very well," Mr. Page said, "I'll try to dress among tropical fish and desiccated butterflies. Alex's room is about as cosy as a museum of natural history."

"I should think you'd enjoy being reminded of your only son," Mrs. Page said.

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Mr. Page exploded. "Don't talk as if the boy were dead!"

"He's terribly far away," said Mrs. Page. Her voice trembled as it often did when she spoke of Alex's absence.

"Don't cry about it," Mr. Page said. "You picked out that school. I'd have settled for something closer at hand, and much cheaper, to wit, the local school, where my own young genius was blighted."

"Don't say 'to wit' at me," snapped Mrs. Page. She went into her room and shut the door more firmly than she had to.

Confusion, she thought. Jack was on his hind legs about nothing at all, and that woman downstairs giving the children neuroses, and poor Alex so far away working too hard and probably homesick! She was too tired to go out. She wished she could have a good cry and a bowl of soup and go to bed.

Soup, she had thought, suddenly and happily. The dinner must begin with creamed celery soup. There would be sherry first. A sanguine warmth had seemed to pervade her being as she stepped into the bathroom and started water running in the bath. The girls could slough off anything, she told herself, and there was nothing wrong with Jack that a stiff drink wouldn't cure.

As for Alex, his latest letter, received only that afternoon, had conveyed no hint of unhappiness. It was as jauntily spelled as his letters usually were, and concerned chiefly with a complicated scheme of finance. He had been invited to a dance at a girls' school "by a fastidious blonde," and he needed a new suit; the other one was tight across the shoulders.

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The words he whispered were what she had been longing to hear. "Roast goose and celery," he said.

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Sauce For The Gander

Continued from page 3

ALEX suggested that his mother get him a new one at home, and he offered magnanimously to sell his old one to his father for only three pounds.

Mrs. Page took off her clothes, giggling as she imagined what her husband would say if she were so rash as to let him read that letter. She got into the bath.

Oysters, she mused as she reclined in the hot water, on the half shell, ringed in a flower-like formation on a plate of cracked ice.

Now that Mrs. Page was dressed and had progressed in anticipation as far as the entree, she was afraid her mood was getting out of hand.

She assumed a mask of languid nonchalance. It was absurd, she chided herself, to get so keyed up over going out to dinner. It indicated a small, mean way of life.

Neither the Pages nor their neighbors had been very gay lately. They were all in modest circumstances, and, with the expanding cost of food and the dwindling supply of servants, they found entertaining troublesome.

The party to-night would be different. It was being given by a rich, childless couple in honor of a witty old judge whose anecdotes were not for children.

If not steak, she thought, perhaps breast of chicken, with sauce Espagnol.

The Pages had been existing for three weeks on what Mr. Page called an austerity diet. Mrs. Page was hungry.

The door opened and Jane and Lucy skidded into the room. They were rosy children of eleven and thirteen, with big eyes and lank brown hair. Now they paused in the middle of the room, clasping their hands together and giving vent to inarticulate gasps in admiration of their mother's appearance.

Then they came and stood at the end of the dressing-table seat. They rubbed their cheeks against her bare shoulders.

Mrs. Page smiled tenderly. The glass held a pretty tableau now, she thought; two moon-faced little girls, drooping like field flowers on the bosom of a worldly yet compassionate woman.

"Miss Beasly has a fascinating family," said Lucy.

Mrs. Page shuddered. "I'm sure she has," she said, rising. "Is your father downstairs?"

"Yes," said Lucy, "he's in the kitchen."

That information filled Mrs. Page with dismay. Probably, she thought, he was examining the contents of the rubbish pail. She was thankful, at least, that she'd given the left-over kedgeree to that stray cat.

Still, you could never tell. When Mr. Page set his mind to the task, he could generally manage to ferret out some damning piece of evidence.

Mr. Page's austerity programme was a kind of courtroom hangover. He had recently represented the plaintiffs in an action for damages incurred by food poisoning. The case was depressing. A boy had died as the alleged result of eating a sausage-roll at a cafe, and his father, as his administrator, was asking compensation for loss of the child's expectation of life.

Mr. Page was a sensitive man. The grim business of setting monetary value upon a child's life offended him, and the nature of the evidence made him queasy. His mind became fixed with a prudent suspicion of all restaurants. He began coming home for lunch.

This made extra work for Mrs. Page, but she didn't mind. She was a sociable woman and she thought it was nice to see her husband when the girls were lunching at school and she could talk to him in peace. Furthermore, the work was the kind she liked.

Some months previously, her maid, Emma, had found a better-paid job, and, after the panic caused by that desertion had subsided, Mrs. Page had discovered the charm of the kitchen.

Previously, whenever she had undertaken to stir something in a bowl, she had been aware of Emma's face, dark and disheartening, like that of a cynical horse, hovering near her shoulder and putting a spell on her efforts. Freed of this distraction, she wrapped herself in the calm absorption of art. With pious attention she perused the cookery books.

She learned a lovely, esoteric language, full of words like "braise," "puree," and "marinate." At last, believing that she had grasped the philosophic core of cookery, she had dared create a few dishes of her own.

She tried the dishes on her husband when he came home to lunch. Mr. Page looked pensive. The lunch was delicious, he said, but it made him feel unworthy. When he returned to court, stuffed with good victuals, the patient faces of his clients would seem to reproach him.

Mr. Page was growing attached to these clients. They were wool-mill workers with a whole string of surviving children—little, pinch-faced creatures—who listened to the court proceeding with a decorous gravity that he had never observed in his own offspring.

The woman still had a vestige of prettiness which showed at odd moments in a smile or a look of wistfulness, and her husband, with his habitual gesture of lifting one shoulder, like a man warding off a cold wind, seemed a symbol of all the world's little people.

Their suit, Mr. Page realised, was not vindictive; it was based upon material injury.

WITH no nest-egg of savings, or even of prosperous friends to help them in possible disaster, these people counted their children as investments, calculated to pay interest as soon as the law permitted them to work in the mill. This was a sad conception of family life, Mr. Page thought, and yet it had a kind of simple dignity that warmed the emotions.

He couldn't help thinking that Alex's character would be strengthened by a stronger sense of filial obligation. By the last day of the proceedings, Mr. Page knew he couldn't accept any money for his services. Reasonable modesty prevented his feeling noble. He felt only poor.

"What's the price of rabbit?" he asked his wife after he had finished a succulent leg.

"I don't know," she replied. "Something scandalous. After all, if you ate in town——"

"Don't you keep accounts?" he asked.

"Why, no," she said. "I never have. I just draw out some money on Monday and try to make it last the week. I generally have to get more on Friday, though."

Mr. Page winced. "Why, the great mass of people——"

"Prices have gone up," said Mrs. Page informatively. "I had a note from Alex this morning. He was sweet about the inflation."

From the pocket of her dress she took a folded sheet of paper and tossed it across the table to her husband. It contained a short communication that Mr. Page didn't find sweet at all. Alex was requesting and increase in his allowance because, as he put it, "The cost of living has increased sharply here, and in view of national trends we cannot expect relief in the near future."

"Doesn't he express himself well?" said Mrs. Page.

"Increased there!" Mr. Page groaned. "We aren't clever enough to notice the difference." He rose. "I've got to go," he said. He hesitated, looking rueful. He was very fond of Alex. "Slip the boy something when you write," he added.

"I will," Mrs. Page said happily. "Could you call at the fish shop and get me a pound and a half of turbot?"

Mr. Page whistled softly. "Rabbit for lunch and fish for dinner!"

"It's good for the children," Mrs. Page said placidly.

She was in the kitchen when Mr. Page came home that evening. He was in brisk good humor.

"I got a favorable judgment," he said, "and I remembered the fish."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Page. "And thanks." She took the paper package and unwrapped it. "This isn't turbot," she said.

"It's haddock," Mr. Page said complacently, "at half the price."

Mrs. Page stood staring mournfully at the fish. It was yellow and far from fresh. But after a minute she set to work; this was a challenge to her ingenuity.

With the yolk of an egg she'd been saving and breadcrumbs, a tiny lump of butter, a low flame, and infinite care, she finally transformed the fish into something which looked fit for human consumption. When she served it, with the parsley and anchovy sauce, she thought it a dish to boast of.

"The women's page of the local paper is running a contest for thrifty fish recipes," she told her assembled family. "I'm going to win five pounds on this."

"It's good," said Mr. Page. "But with the trimmings, hardly thrifty."

"I had to do something with it," Mrs. Page said. "Nobody could eat a stark piece of stale haddock."

"Are we poor, Daddy?" Lucy inquired brightly. "Do we belong to the submerged middle class?"

"We're sinking rapidly," Mr. Page said. "You see," he continued, speaking in the accents of bland reason that are supposed to impress the young, "the value of the pound has gone down, while the basic expenses of people like ourselves have gone up. Take Alex's situation, for instance. When I was a boy, I went to a secondary school, and was grateful for the opportunity.

"And take piano lessons," he went on, nodding to include both his daughters. "When your mother was a girl, she learned her scales for two shillings a week."

"That's all she did learn," Jane interposed.

Her father ignored her. "Your lessons cost ten shillings an hour," he said.

"I'd be glad to sacrifice music," Lucy said. "I'd rather take tap-dancing anyhow."

"You miss the point," said Mr. Page. "Your mother and I are glad to give you advantages we never had. That's why we must be careful of our ordinary expenses—so that we can have the finer things of life."

"Must we discuss money at the table?" said Mrs. Page.

Later on, after the children were in bed, Mr. Page pursued the subject further. The problem of food, he said, was basic to human life, but the savage and the voluptuary allowed it to become the whole preoccupation.

To squander one's substance on a wanton tickling of the palate was a crime against society.

"Be a little more concrete," Mrs. Page said pettishly. She had reason to be sorry she'd said it. Mr. Page knocked out his pipe, leaned forward in his chair, and outlined his plan too concretely for his wife's comfort.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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Sing, O TROUBADOUR

It seemed just like love's old sweet song, but this time the ending was not quite the same.

By . . . FRANK BARKER

A FEW weeks ago you asked me to write a love story. "You know what I want," you said. "Romance, humor, but above all realism. Something that makes a story, but without far-fetched elements—the type of plot and characters our readers can believe in. What about it?"

Looking at your hard-boiled, worldly-wise exterior as you spoke, it amused me to imagine you in a different age, conveying the same instructions. "Tell not of dragons or warlocks or witches," you would have said, "tell but of the beauty and virtue of damsels and the courage of their Knights in matters we wot of, sing, O Troubadour!"

Sing I will, because I have a story in mind of an ordinary man and an ordinary woman, and the love they had each for the other, and I feel that this story should be told. And it will undoubtedly have realism, because, you see, it is perfectly true. I watched it all happen from very close up.

That is why I've got some scruples about telling it—or, rather, about how much of it I should tell. But I've talked it over with my wife, and she's set me more at my ease. In fact, she thinks I should go further than I first intended. All I wanted to do was put down those incidents that make a compact, well-rounded story; now she has convinced me that once I start I should tell everything. Maybe you'll like it, and maybe you won't.

It all happened many years ago, when I was still a bachelor and worked in the buying office of African Steel Ceilings at Vereeniging. That's not the real name of the firm, but it's close enough for practical purposes.

In those days I must have had some sort of soothing effect on my friends, because they all seemed to bring their troubles to me, and sometimes even followed the advice I gave them. That is why I was so completely on the inside of this story.

Bill Venter brought his trouble to me, and the name of his trouble was Joanna Morley, who worked in the next room but one to mine. And his complaint seemed very minor in the first place—he had asked Joanna to a dance and she had refused, although he knew for certain she was keen to go and was not booked for the occasion.

To understand the effect this had on Bill you must know him better. The point is that he was a tall, good-looking type who was very popular with the girls, and the rebuff was something entirely outside his experience.

In the few months he had been at Vereeniging with the firm, he had become the leading figure in the gay and inconsequential social life our set led, and he had become very conscious of the fact. So that when Joanna, with her mass of curls and tip-tilted nose and wide, generous mouth, very kindly but firmly turned his offer down, it upset his balance quite considerably.

It seemed to me that it was at that moment that he first became conscious that she was more than just one of the crowd—that she had an individuality of her own.

When he told me what had happened, I tactfully tried to laugh the matter off.

"You should worry," I told him. "She's not the only pebble on the beach. What about Stella? She'd jump at the idea of going with you."

Stella was the new girl in the accountant's office.

He shook his head absently. "I can't understand it," he said. "If it wasn't that her attitude was so friendly, I'd think I must have unconsciously insulted her or something. But as it is, it's just got me beat. And she is nice—all the fellows like her and that doesn't mean just wolf howls."

He obviously wasn't talking about Stella.

"Look," I said, "take a grip on yourself. You said Joanna was friendly, so the chances are the reason she refused has nothing to do with you personally. Why worry about it? Go and ask Stella and forget the matter."

His expression was gloomy. "I'm not particularly interested in Stella."

"Then go and ask someone else," I said. "At least, don't waste my time by moping over trivialities—not this afternoon, anyway. I've got to complete this schedule of estimates by five o'clock."

But Bill was back the next day, and it was perfectly apparent from his haggard features that he hadn't slept the previous night. He asked me: "Frank, how does a chap feel when he falls in love?"

I shrugged. "Why ask me? Surely one of the married men could give you better advice? In any case, why do you ask?"

"Joanna," he said. "It's never happened to me before. All night I lay awake, thinking about what happened yesterday. It was only early this morning that I recognised the feeling. Longing. Is that what people mean by love, Frank?"

"Maybe," I said, "but don't get mixed up, Bill. Think it over carefully. Aren't you just a bit too used to getting what you want, and now feel over-stimulated because she seems somehow out of your reach?"

He looked at me sharply. "No, it isn't that. It's much too strong a feeling." He paused a moment, and then added: "What shall I do?"

"You must really be in a pitiful state if you ask me that," I said. "Come on, man, snap out of it. In what way is Joanna different from any other girl? All right, admitting you had a moral slap in the face yesterday—why should you develop an inferiority complex over it? You said the girl was quite pleasant about it—that shows the position's not irreparable."

He repeated quite patiently, as though every scrap of energy and initiative had been drawn out of him: "What do you suggest I do?"

"Stop acting like a love-sick calf, in the first place. That sort of behaviour doesn't attract girls—it drives them off. Behave normally—you'll still see plenty of Joanna with the crowd."

"I don't want to see her just with the crowd."

"Of course not, you idiot. I didn't mean that. But it at least gives you an opportunity to ask her, and keep on asking her if it's necessary, to go out alone with you."

Knowing the position, it is hardly surprising that I watched developments with interest.

I must say this for Bill—he gave no sign in public of the depth and intensity of his feelings. In the crowd he was always his usual good-humored and debonair self; he treated Joanna just as one of the gang, and only I knew how bitterly disappointed he was every time she fobbed off his invitations with good-natured excuses.

He used to loosen up with me every now and again when his feelings got the better of him, and I used to let him pour out his miseries and listen patiently to the repetition of his inevitable question: "Why?"

For the life of me I couldn't answer that question, and I could think of nothing better than to repeat the advice I had given him in the first place.

When the crowd was together, Joanna was as pleasant and as friendly to him as she was to the rest of us—so much so that on the one or two occasions when I seemed to notice some sign of reserve towards him, it was so slight that I was not sure whether my knowledge had influenced me, and what I saw was only a trick of my imagination.

Still, the basic fact remained—she wouldn't make a date with him.

I said to Bill one afternoon: "Why don't you ask her straight out what's her objection to you?"

He smiled at me rather wryly. "Don't think me a fool—but I'm afraid. Not that she'd tell me she hates me, or she could never survive the boredom of ten minutes in my exclusive company—any explanation that rang true would be a relief the way I'm feeling now. At least I'd know what it is I have to overcome. But I'm sure it's none of the usual reasons — it's something much deeper, something she wants to hide from me."

I suggested diffidently: "Perhaps if I——?"

"Thanks old man, but no—definitely no. She'd guess you were asking on my behalf, and I'm sure she wouldn't tell you anything. The results would be the same as if I had asked her myself . . ."

Nevertheless, Joanna did tell me, and it wasn't the result of my asking. In fact, the way it occurred put me in a most awkward position—the recipient of confidences from two people about each other, and so unable to help either without betraying the other.

It all started when I was dancing with Joanna at a party given by the Carlsons. She didn't seem in the mood for conversation, so we were dancing more-or-less in silence, when she suddenly said, "I'm going to slip away in a few minutes. Will you see me home?"

I started to say, "Well——"

"Please, Frank," she interrupted. "I wouldn't ask you to cut the evening short for nothing. I've got a problem and I don't know what to do about it, and you're such a solid sort of citizen, I'm sure you could help me get it straight in my mind. Please."

"All right," I said. "Wait till the end of this dance, and then slip off to my car. I'll meet you there."

When the music finished, I left her for a moment, lit a cigarette, and then slipped through the french windows and walked to where I had parked the car. She was sitting in the front seat waiting for me.

She said: "Let's go somewhere quiet, Frank, where we can talk."

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"You're so different from the other girls I've known," I heard Bill tell Joanna.

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Ringside Maiden

By . . .
EDWIN LANHAM

"So you're the dame owns that ten per cent.?" Lefty said, looking steadily at Agatha.

TIRED of the petty conventions of small-town life, attractive AGATHA CHRISTOPHER is in a mood for change when she learns that she has inherited "a restaurant property" from her uncle, LEO CHRISTOPHER.

She has just broken her engagement to CHARLIE HARPER, and she hurries at once to New York, but is dismayed to find that her inheritance is "Leo's Place," a small bar and grill in a poor neighborhood.

With JACK BARLOW, Leo's attorney, she meets OSCAR GUMPER, the barman, WALTER, the waiter, TONY FRANKLIN, accountant, and SI KRAFT. She also learns that she has inherited a 10 per cent. interest in the young boxer LEFTY LANGAN.

Lefty is beaten in a fight that night, and Oscar reproaches LUCILLE LONG for interfering with his training. Later Lefty comes to Leo's Place. Now read on:

AGATHA and Jack exchanged glances, and moved out of the office. Jack held the swinging door open for her.

At the bar with fat Si Kraft, Tony Franklin, the accountant, and the girl Lucille, was another man. Agatha recognised him from the photograph inside as Lefty Langan.

Lucille had one hand on his shoulder and was saying, "Honey, are you all right?"

"Sure, I'm all right," said Lefty Langan.

"You ain't dizzy or anything?"

"He's all right," Oscar broke in roughly. "A good bump on the head might do him good. It might get him working on that stance. Kid, you left yourself wide open—tonight."

"Lay off," Lefty Langan said. "Gimme a rye."

"Take a beer," Oscar said.

"A rye," said Lefty Langan. "Beer chaser." He sat down heavily at one of the tables, Lucille beside him.

Oscar scowled and thumped a jigger on the bar, poured whisky into it with reluctance, and carried it with the beer over to the table. Agatha moved nearer with Jack.

"Hey, Lefty," said Oscar. "I want you to meet a lady. This here is Miss Agatha Christopher."

Lefty glanced up and said, "Hi, Aggie." He looked steadily at Agatha. His eyes were bright under the ridge of his brows, which scar tissue continued in an uneven line across his forehead above the nose.

"So you're the dame owns that ten per cent.?" he said.

He gave her a look like a truck driver's whistle, and while she was no more outraged than any other girl would be at a truck driver's traditional salute of approval, Agatha was nevertheless embarrassed. She had an odd, disturbed sensation and said, "Yes, I am, Mr. Langan."

For the first time she considered what it might mean to this young man to be bartered like a chattel and have ten per cent. of his earnings assigned to a stranger.

"Mr. Langan," she said, "I don't want your ten per cent. I'm returning it."

A flush rose to his broad cheekbones, and his eyes narrowed under their protective ridge; he looked angry and menacing.

"So I'm no good," he said. "Manolo gets lucky and I'm no good. So now you don't want any part of me. Okay, lady, okay."

"I didn't mean it that way," Agatha protested. "All I meant was——"

Jack Barlow put in, "Miss Christopher was generously offering to return her percentage because she feels she has no moral right to it. Isn't that it, Agatha?"

"Exactly," Agatha said.

Lefty Langan's unnaturally bright eyes turned to her. "You seen me fight?"

"Yes," Agatha said. "To-night. On the television screen here."

He reached for his beer, murmured out of the side of his mouth, "I had an off night. Everybody gets an off night." He drank off his beer, got to his feet, and went over to the bar. "Hit me again," he said to Oscar.

"Honey," Lucille followed him, tugging at his elbow. "No more. Come on, let's get out of here."

Lefty turned his head slowly and looked at her with the eyes of a stranger. "Here's Mrs. Santa Claus," he said. "Jingle bells, jingle bells. Go get your red suit."

Agatha exchanged glances with Jack Barlow.

"You ought to join the Salvation Army," Lefty said. "Shake a tambourine with bells on, the way you're jingling all the time. Look at that dame." He pointed a finger at Agatha. "Look at her. She's got class. She don't jingle. Why are you always jingling? Come on, get 'em out, get 'em out."

Agatha gazed in wonder as Lucille opened her coat and disclosed a waitress' uniform underneath. She put her hand in a pocket of the uniform and took out a handful of change.

"On the bar," Lefty said.

The girl put the coins on the bar and Lefty said, "Okay, Oscar, give her some silent money."

Oscar counted the change, pushing the coins with a big forefinger, then put four dollar bills on the bar and picked up all the coins but a quarter and a dime.

"Now put it away," Lefty said. "I told you not to come jingling around me."

"I had to hurry to catch the fight, Lefty," Lucille explained in a docile voice. "I didn't have time to change it at the diner."

Agatha gathered that Lefty's complaint was one of long standing, and that the coins were the girl's tips.

"Now, honey, let's go," Lucille said.

"You don't want any more drink."

"Says who?" said Lefty. "Says who I don't want any more to drink? I got a right to a drink." He backed away from the bar, his chin low under his left shoulder, his left arm extended.

"I was set for him, Oscar. I was laying back, see." He danced back shadow-boxing. "You know that Eddie Manolo. He's got a jab——"

They were all watching as he danced the length of the bar, whirling, beating the air.

"I'm waiting for that right," Lefty said. "Come on, Eddie, throw that right." His voice was steady, and he was not breathing hard. "I'm waiting for that right and I'm taking them lefts on my glove. Like this." He made a plucking motion.

PART THREE OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

"I'm picking them jabs out of the air, and as soon as he throws that right I'm gonna . . ."

Lefty whirled and let his right fist fly at the swinging door between the bar-room and the kitchen. His knuckles cracked the door hard and slammed it back, and he stood still, watching the door as it swung.

"That's right," Oscar said. "Break a hand. All you need is a broken hand."

Lefty slowly turned, and Agatha saw tears in his eyes as he shuffled up to the end of the bar and leaned his elbows on it.

"So," Oscar was saying, "you led with your right and you left yourself wide open. You forgot all you learned and you turned southpaw again."

"Gimme a drink," Lefty Langan said. "I had my last fight. I'm through. Gimme a drink, Oscar."

"Honey," the red-headed girl murmured, and moved past Agatha.

"You're not through yet," Oscar said. "That Manolo's no slouch. You still got a chance."

"You heard him," Lucille said sharply. "He's quit the ring. Haven't you, Lefty?"

Lefty Langan put his head down on his hands, low on the bar, and Lucille draped a soft arm round his shoulders. Agatha glanced at Jack and whispered, "Suppose we get out of here?"

In a taxicab, she glanced back over her shoulder for a last look at the neon sign of Leo's Place on the avenue behind her.

"It's been quite a day," she said. "Quite a day."

"Hasn't it?"

"For me," Agatha said. "And for Lefty Langan, too. We both caught one on the chin to-day."

But when she was in bed, with the lights out and the windows open, hearing a faint sound of the traffic noises eighteen floors below, Agatha found herself thinking more of the blow that had struck Lefty Langan than the blow she had herself suffered.

She remembered the small figure on the television screen, prone on the canvas; she remembered the proud, insolent young man who had held his head high in Leo's Place, and who finally had given way to tears. Probably by now he was bawling like a baby.

It was the most important thing in his life, Agatha thought. She felt very sorry for Lefty Langan, the whole hundred per cent. of him.

. . . . . .

Agatha was awakened next morning by the telephone. It was her mother calling long-distance from Connecticut.

"Dear, I expected you to call," Gwen Christopher said. "Tell me about it. How is the restaurant? Have you seen it? Where is it, Agatha?"

"It's not awfully grand," Agatha said. "Just a quiet little place, Mother, but it has possibilities. I'll tell you about it when I see you. I'll be coming home to pick up some clothes."

"Yes, but I want details," Gwen persisted. "Charlie wants to know all about it. Agatha, let's have the details."

"I'll call back, Mother," Agatha said. "I really have to run."

She hung up. The rush was not as great as she had indicated, but it was already ten o'clock. By the time she had dressed and breakfasted it would be time to take a cab to the bar and grill.

On her way there she told herself that it had been ridiculous to agree to take any personal part in the operation of Leo's Place. She should have left the doors locked until Oscar came in at six.

She had no business in an Eighth Avenue dive. She would sell it as quickly as possible.

The sky was overcast, and the streets had a shadowless monotone. The spirits of the city drooped, and Agatha's drooped with them. By the time the cab deposited her on Eighth Avenue a fine drizzle of rain had begun.

Standing in the doorway of Leo's Place, with a cigarette drooping from his mouth, and his shoulders hunched unhappily, was Walter, the waiter. He grunted a good morning to Agatha, took the keys from her hand, and opened the door.

Leo's Place was dank and dismal on this rainy day. The bottles behind the bar had a bleak, unwanted look, and wore their bright labels like false faces.

Please turn to page 21

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Infuriated, Sam swung on the second Chinese, forcing him to drop the knife.

CONTRABAND

By SIDNEY H. SMALL

As he crossed Queen's Road, Sam Gillespie followed his regular course, later than usual, after leaving the Asiatic-Import office. The street was in hot mauve shadow. Higher, slanting sun blazed on the red and blue ideographs painted on oblong signs hanging from the balconies.

Sam knew them by heart. Wo Mok, raw gold, silver, and foreign exchange. Shen Li Wah, scented hair oils and dried jasmine blossoms. The Yuan Company, lanterns. Min S'iu and Company, dealers in everything.

The return of a man from the interior, reporting failure in another search for the T'ung collection of gem jades, gone into hiding during the war, had kept Sam at his desk.

He was ready to believe that the magnificent jades had been smuggled out of China proper, to avoid export restrictions and squeeze, although not into Hongkong. Gillespie had heard no gossip about their being in the crown colony, and Hongkong always buzzed with gossip.

The company's president, in San Francisco, wanted those jades bought. The San Rosario, docked during the afternoon, would bring another caustic letter from Allison. Where were the jades? What was Sam doing?

Sam, having crossed the street, was entering the hotel bar, where the number-one boy started to mix his drink before Gillespie spoke.

The bar was filled with passengers from the ship. Those who noticed Sam saw a thin, grave man who might have acquired his gauntness in a concentration camp; and in this they were right. Sam, unmarried, had remained in Hongkong for his firm.

He was lifting his frosted glass when a hand patted his shoulder.

"Been waiting for you, Sam," said George Mills, Asiatic-Import's local manager. "You work too long. No need for it."

The arrival of the ship was ample warning to Sam as to what George was leading up to so solicitously. Sam said, "I wouldn't play guide tonight if Allison himself had come in on the ship." The cocktail was cold, pungent. It tasted good after a rough day. "Have one, George?"

"I envy you, Sam," coaxed Mills. "A girl. She——"

"If you don't want a drink," Sam said, "I'm going home."

"She is the prettiest girl you ever saw, and——"

Sam said, "See you in the morning."

Urgency crept into Mills' voice. "It's an order from Mr. Allison. Nobody else in Asiatic-Import knows the city well enough to help her find what she is looking for." Uneasily, Mills added, "Or I wouldn't ask you, Sam."

"What's she looking for?" Gillespie put down his empty glass. "Velly nice one piecee silk, velly cheap? Velly nice jade ring, also velly cheap?" He laughed. "I don't suppose she's looking for the T'ung jades, is she?"

"No," said Mills slowly. "I'll let her explain."

George, having received an order, was on the spot; and so Sam said, "Get one thing across to her. No Chinese theatre. Tell her."

"You settle that between you," Mills said hastily. "Come along, Sam. She's in the lobby. You're a lucky fellow."

When Susan Reed smiled up at him, it struck Sam Gillespie that she was what a man dreamed about in concentration camp.

"Sam will take care of you," said Mills. "Now I've got to run."

When they were alone, Sam said, "Too early for dinner." He had revised any notion about a hasty tour. "We could have cocktails here, or . . ."

"Here, please," decided Susan.

She came short of his shoulder as she walked beside him into the lounge.

The number-one boy saw them enter. Stools, hidden behind the bar, were brought for them, causing Susan's standing fellow-passengers to demand what made her receive such attention.

Men and girls, glasses in hand, came over to talk. Everyone, Sam could see, liked her. Others called to her. Several, after a word together, a laugh, went to examine the titles at the silent juke box.

The number-one mixed the drinks, the number-two lit their cigarettes, the number-three brought a bowl of toasted salted coconut.

Susan lifted her glass. "Here's luck to our venture," she said.

He had his own glass raised when the juke box blared the introductory cacophony of "Stockyard Blues." Sam's suddenly shaking fingers couldn't hold the glass. It fell, and shattered, the sound lost in the music's violence.

Please turn to page 29

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Mary Hordern's Paris Notes

● On the screen above are Schiaparelli's crossover blouse, Perugia's high-backed shoe, Violette Cornille's natural straw bag, Marcel Rochas' ballet shoe, and Hermes' unusual scarf.

● Nina Ricci uses plaid to advantage, above, in this everyday frock with a set-in dicky. Doubtless she will repeat this design in gingham to make a charming summer frock.

+ + +

● Pierre Balmain designs for the first days of spring the light beige suit, near right. He adds a long spotted scarf, and lines the hat brim with some matching material.

+ + +

● Another frock for spring is the blue light wool, far right, with its horseshoe neckline cut low to reveal the pleated front, and a skirt moderately full from below hips.

Frocks and accessories sketched here are from the boutiques of various designers. The boutique, or small shop, is a well-established feature with most of the Paris couturiers. In it the designer displays shoes, accessories, sweaters, scarves, and simple, less costly frocks. These are still by no means cheap, but the designers insist on a high standard in the boutique.

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Variety from our Parades

• Carven's spring suit, in navy-and-white striped duck, has straight skirt with slight front fullness. Jacket has gathered waist.

• Paquin's head designer, Lou Clavery, created this white afternoon dress with unpressed cartridge pleats on bodice and skirt. The black velvet hat is osprey trimmed.

• Jacques Griffe's grey chiffon evening - gown, left, is worn with full-skirted, kimono-sleeved pink satin cloak embroidered in iridescent sequins.

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FROCKS SHOWN in these pictures will be seen at The Australian Women's Weekly Paris Fashion Parades this year. They well illustrate the infinite variety of our 1949 collection.

• Christian Dior's belted white ermine coat, featuring cone-shaped high pockets, is worn with hat made entirely of lilac.

• Marcel Rochas' evening-dress is in white pique with net underskirt and black velvet bodice appliqued with pique daisies. Long stole is also of pique.

• Carven's dark emerald-green travelling coat, above, is trimmed with large glass buttons and has a swing back.

• Jean Desses' brown heavy cotton poplin, patterned in white, has point on hip and shoulders, at right. Matching coat is lined throughout in black taffeta.

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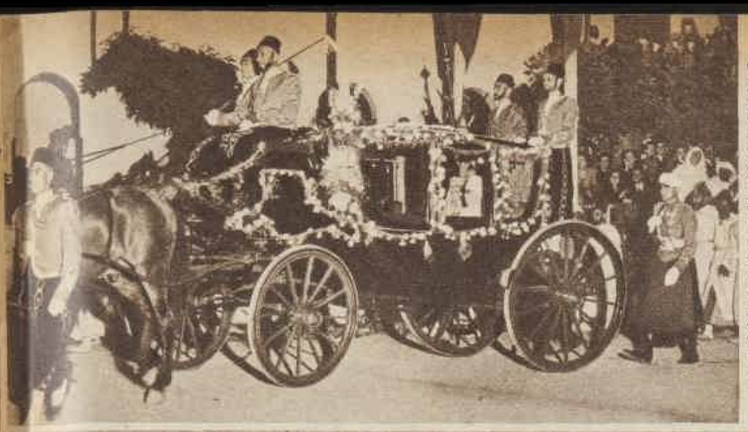

COACH, flower-laden and drawn by eight coal-black Arab stallions, carried Princess Lal-la Fatima to her marriage with the third Caliph of Spanish Morocco. The veiled Moorish beauty wore a jewel - studded crown, a wedding present from the women of Spain.

The Caliph takes a bride

SCENES of Oriental splendor marked the wedding of the Caliph of Spanish Morocco, 37-year-old Muley Hassan, and Princess Lal-la Fatima, daughter of the late Sultan of Morocco, Abd el Aziz, and his English wife. National celebrations began 15 days before the "Arabian Nights" wedding, and fabulous presents packed the several rooms of the Caliph's palace in Tetuan, Morocco. Before the ceremony the Princess underwent a traditional purification ceremony and was then adorned with gorgeous silks and jewels.

SMILING BRIDE has her hand kissed by her page boy. His mother, Senora de Varela, wife of the Spanish High Commissioner, is in centre. At left is the mother of bridegroom.

DISH of orange, honey, and almond paste, with whipped yolk of egg on top, was one of many courses served to 500 wedding guests.

CALIPH Muley Hassan presents an Arabian saddle as a trophy to the winner of one of the numerous races held in honor of his marriage.

WEDDING GUESTS, seated on priceless carpets, ate a feast of chicken, mutton, and sticky sweets. Caliph also treated beggars of the city of Tetuan to a meal.

GARBED in striped gown, the Caliph is pictured with his Cabinet Ministers in the Council Chamber of Palace where several rooms were packed with gifts. He has a son, 20, by a previous marriage.

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Evening in Paris

BY BOURJOIS

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What miners and their wives think of strike

SILENT MINE. Lines of heaped coal hoppers were left standing when miners at Aberdare Mine, Cessnock, stopped work on instructions from Miners' Federation.

Our reporter talks with people of coalfields

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN

I have just spent a week in the N.S.W. mining town of Cessnock, where I talked with miners and their wives about life on the coalfields and the coal strike.

I left Cessnock with the conviction that the individual miner is an easy-going unbelligerent fellow. It is only when miners act collectively that they are tough and unyielding.

"THE miner admits that the Joint Coal Board has planned some wonderful amenities, but he is impatient for those plans to be put into effect," a local resident, who wishes to be anonymous, told me.

"He has either convinced himself, or allowed his leaders to convince him, that community centres, libraries, parks, and good sporting facilities should have been made part and parcel of his life long ago."

Cessnock, a clean, well-equipped town 26 miles from Newcastle, is the focal point of the big northern coalfields. It is strictly a man's town.

Most of the women I talked with said that they leave industrial questions to their husbands and quietly accept the advantages and disadvantages of battles on the coalfields.

They stay contentedly at home, and their interest in domesticity is apparent in their well-kept homes and children.

I asked Cluny MacPherson, Cessnock's Town Clerk, the reason for this passive outlook.

He put it down to their lack of economic security for years prior to the war.

"Miners' wives haven't had much time for politics," he said.

"The depression hit the coalfields in 1929 and lasted until 1941. During those years the women could think only of their struggle for existence, and since then they've been busy improving their homes."

Future for sons

ON one thing, however, the miner's wife of to-day is in outspoken agreement with her husband.

If she can possibly help it, her sons will never work in the pits.

"Few women on the coalfields to-day want their sons to become miners," Mrs. Charles Powell, wife of a pit-top carpenter, told me.

"My son is at the Cessnock High School, and he's just as determined as his father and I that he'll keep out of the pit."

Another woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Giffen, mother of 12 children, said: "My boy George is a miner, and I wish I'd been able to put him into another job.

"I've seen too many accidents and lived through very bad times on the coalfields."

One of Mrs. Giffen's sons was killed in the John Darling pit four years ago, just a fortnight after he had turned 16.

We drove from Newcastle to Cessnock, and passed through the mining towns of Kurri Kurri and Weston.

Outside Weston we saw two half-mile-long lines of trucks piled high with coal. Each truck contained 12 tons. We saw the same thing on railway lines leading from several Cessnock pits.

In Cessnock the School of Arts is the miners' chief meeting house. It was late afternoon when we called there, and several men were preparing to light the billiard and card rooms with home-made lamps.

Jam or pickle jars had been partially filled with kerosene, holes had been pierced in the lids, and normal lamp wicks inserted.

First woman I talked with was Mrs. Florence McNaughton, who is living with her husband, Reg, and two children in a shack and tent on the allotment on which Reg is building their home under the Joint Coal Board aid scheme.

Recently they had been flooded out.

"We had a tough time in the flood, but neighbors came from everywhere to help us," said Florence.

Reg McNaughton is a "spare miner." He either takes the place of a sick miner working at the coal face or does any spare job around the mine.

He told me that a good fortnight's pay for him averages £18, but the pit in which he works recently changed to contract work, and he was just settling down to full-time work when the strike began.

"We hope things will soon settle down, because we're struggling now," Florence told me.

"I just go down to the shops and look these days."

Both children of miners, they have experienced strikes before.

Reg was only 14 when what is known on the coalfields as the "1929 lock-out" began.

"That lasted about 18 months, and then the depression came, so I think my father worked about 30 days in over five years," said Reg.

"I don't think Dad worked at all in five years," interrupted Florence. "We certainly struck bad times when we were young, and things didn't pick up for quite a while. I couldn't get a glory box like other girls."

Mrs. Elizabeth Giffen and her daughter, Mrs. Jessie Turton, also the wife of a miner, told me they were accustomed to "making do with little money."

"They say miners get good pay, but that depends on the pit," declared Mrs. Turton.

"The pay may be good one fortnight and practically nothing the next, because sometimes the pit is too dangerous for work or there are other stoppages.

"The man who earns a regular £7 a week knows how he stands, but we never do."

Because their community is a world apart, the average man and woman on the northern coalfields cannot realise fully the impact of the coal shortage on the rest of Australia.

One Cessnock resident, not a miner, gave me a reason for this.

"A generation grew up on the coalfields without knowing the meaning of the term 'constant work' as far as both the boys and their fathers were concerned," he said.

"They're very cut off here, and many of them never realised that other Australians also suffered from the depression.

"They got the idea into their heads that the rest of the community didn't care about the miners, so why should the miners care about them?"

MINING FAMILY. Mrs. Elizabeth Giffen (third from left), with daughter Eileen, son George, a miner; daughter Mrs. Jessie Turton, a miner's wife, and grand-daughter Judy.

TENT-DWELLER. Mrs. Florence McNaughton talks with staff reporter Georgina O'Sullivan outside tent in which McNaughton family is living temporarily.

Came from Scotland

ONE miner completely reconciled to coalfield strikes is 56-year-old Scotsman Jim Ormiston, who has worked on the northern coalfields for 25 years. Before coming to Australia he worked for 18 years in mines in Scotland.

"I was born in a strike, and I seem to have been in one ever since," he told me.

"I was born in one, too," declared his 17-year-old daughter, Rena.

"Dad hadn't worked for 18 months when I was born, and that's why there aren't any baby photographs of me. My brother Alex had his photograph taken every fortnight."

Jim Ormiston, who is well over 6ft. tall, said there is no comparison between mines in Scotland and Australia.

Australian mines are 100 per cent. better.

"I was never in one Scots mine without being soaked through in five minutes," he said.

"I've worked in mines when the seam was only 18 inches deep, and I was on my stomach all day in water.

"I wouldn't be game to go up in a plane, but I've worked in underground areas, both at home and here, where most plane travellers wouldn't go."

Although he intends to keep working in the mines, Jim Ormiston suffers from the miner's occupational complaint, dust on the lungs.

"Once you get the dust you're forever tired," he said.

He told me that most young men going into the pits on the northern coalfields do not stay long.

"I don't blame them, but if I had my time over again I'd still go into the mines," he said.

"I'm a fourth generation miner in our family. My grandmother worked in the pits and she cried when an Act of Parliament stopped women from working in the mines."

Continued on page 24

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Editorial

JULY 16, 1949

TELEVISION ON THE WAY

TELEVISION has been just round the corner for so long that it is difficult to believe it will be operating here within two years.

No doubt, but for the war, Australians would have been seeing as well as hearing air-borne entertainment long ago.

It is well established in England and America. Australia's lag will be advantageous, as local equipment will benefit by the findings of experimenters abroad.

Television will make no sweeping change in the lives and habits of the people, for it is simply an extension of broadcasting. This has become an integral part of the domestic existence over the past thirty years.

Many thoughtful people believe that radio has its drawbacks, since entertainment turned on like a tap has cut down the time given to reading and the cultivation of individual talent.

The fault lies not in the airwaves, but in ourselves. Radio offers everything from classics to rubbish in all fields, and the listener gains or loses according to his taste and stage of development.

Television, similarly, can give ballet as well as boxing.

One of its best uses will be for school telecasts. Visual impressions are so lasting that, thanks to the cinema, Disraeli will be forever Arliss and Henry VIII Laughton.

Television must come. Its benefits will be in exact ratio to public demand for quality.

WORTH Reporting

WE felt rather envious when we received a cheerful letter from the highlands of New Guinea, which sounds rather a good place to be.

The letter is from Mrs. Doris Hinchcliffe, of Slate Creek, via Lae, who had seen in a daily newspaper a story saying that the Japanese would like to settle a few million of their population in New Guinea.

She was horrified at the idea, and felt that Australians should know what a good place parts of New Guinea can be to live in.

"My husband and I arrived here eight months ago, expecting to 'rough it' for two years so that we could save a little money," she writes.

"Instead, we find that we have better health, more comfort, in a perfectly appointed house, and a happier outlook than we ever had in Australia.

"The climate here in the mountains is something people dream about, but don't really believe exists. It is comfortably warm all the year round, never close and steamy.

"It is a gardener's paradise. The soil is very rich, and flowers and vegetables grow with amazing rapidity.

"Children thrive and don't easily contract children's illnesses.

"However, there is one serious drawback. People in the inland districts have to wait months for parcels from the south. New Guinea stores have inadequate supplies for white people so that one has to send to Australia for everything in the way of clothing."

Samba must be acted as well as danced

DRAMA is the secret of the appeal of the samba and new rhumbas, Mr. Charlie Foley, Melbourne dancing teacher, tells us.

Being foot-perfect is only part of the battle in mastering the Latin-American dances now sweeping into vogue, he says.

When a girl steps on to the floor to dance to South American tunes, he explains, she should forget the general public and be quite uninhibited about playing the role of a coquette.

Her partner (regardless of how much he cares for her) must pretend to be impervious to feminine wiles.

Capturing a man's fancy is what these dances are all about.

However, as the dance progresses the gentleman's resistance shows signs of breaking down. Quick as a flash his partner then changes her technique from the pursuer to the pursued.

When her partner shrugs and gets the "Oh, well, I can't be bothered" expression on his face again, she swings back into her Carmen-without-a-conscience routine. And so the dance goes on. It's all rather like a game of chasey.

Mr. Foley thinks the real character of sambas and rhumbas is missing from Australian ballrooms because dancers here are too self-conscious.

He hastily adds that the gentleman must not take a partner's "vamping" too seriously. "Even in Latin-American countries they realise that the most sultry samba is only an act," he says.

"Don't move! I just want to get half of an apple I'm saving."

White-collar workers turned builders

THE story of a successful community effort, with about 20 untrained men and women turning carpenters, bricklayers, stonemasons, and plumbers, lies behind the recent opening of Kalloona, the headquarters of the 1st East Roseville (N.S.W.) Scout Group.

Before the clubhouse was built the group committee of the newly formed troop—it now has 45 wolf cubs and 25 Scouts—had to meet each Friday night on a vacant piece of land.

For two and a half years they worked each Sunday—mothers, fathers, and friends—in making a headquarters from a Nissen hut bought from Disposals as a clubhouse.

"Apart from having perhaps put up a shelf at home, none of us with the exception of the father of one of the boys, who is a teacher of building at the Technical College, had ever tackled anything in the building line before," one of the workers told us.

"Under his guidance we prepared the ground, sank piles, scraped and repainted the hut, erected it, and dug and cut the stone for its massive fireplace.

"Our Sunday working dungarees became covered with paint and stains, our hands developed callouses, meal times ran anything up to two hours late, most of us had never worked so hard in our lives, and we loved it."

The amateur builders did a good job. Their expenses came to a little over £400; the completed Kalloona has been valued at £1500.

* * *

NATIVE parents in Nauru give their children some odd names, according to former Melbourne mothercraft nurse Miss Alex Weatherly.

Patrons at the Baby Health Clinic there include a Bing Crosby, Nelson Eddy, Echo Valley, Anzac, and a child named after one-time Melbourne Cup winner Catalogue.

A set of twins are simply known as Drip and Drop.

Woman runs hospital for horses

MISS BILLIE MILLER, of Western Australia, runs a hospital for sick horses singlehanded at her property 15 miles from the Perth Town Hall.

Twelve months ago a well-known Perth veterinary surgeon, Mr. Sydney Hebden, operated on one of Miss Miller's horses at her property. He was so impressed with the after care of the animal that he suggested that he should bring horses there for operations, and that Miss Miller should look after them while they were convalescent.

Since then 40 horses have been "in hospital" at Miss Miller's property, and 10 major surgical operations have been performed.

Wherever Miss Miller goes on the property, one or another of the horses follows her. She speaks to them as if they were children, and talks of their different personalities.

When our Western Australian representative visited the property she noticed a mare in foal cantering happily round the field with only the suggestion of a limp.

"That's Charmant," said Miss Miller proudly. "She won a race, then broke her leg. The owner was so fond of her that the leg was set and she was sent to me."

Miss Miller was brought up among horses. Her father owned a livery stable and produce store.

However, her first job was in a Perth motor school. She estimates that in ten years she taught more than 2000 men and women to drive.

* * *

HIGH-TENSION pylons at Regensburgh in Germany carry in red letters the warning, "Do not touch. Anyone touching will be killed instantly." Underneath there is a police notice, "Anyone contravening the above notice will be punished with eight days' imprisonment."

Mothercraft nurses to be registered

WHEN State registration of mothercraft nurses becomes compulsory in Victoria in August, mothercraft nurses there will wear organdie caps folded in Dutch bonnet fashion, with a red monogram in front.

"We've been campaigning for compulsory registration for five years," says the secretary of the Victorian Mothercraft Nurses' Association, Mrs. R. Mignot.

"Under the existing system anyone in this State could set up as a mothercraft nurse regardless of her competence.

"When tradesmen doing such jobs as plumbing have to be registered, it seemed wrong that there was no law to protect little children and babies from unskilful handling and feeding."

Official status will also mean that salaries of mothercraft nurses can be considered by the Wages Board and fixed awards made to suit nurses and parents.

At present a mothercraft nurse in Victoria has to make her own arrangements about wages and working conditions.

Victoria prides itself on its mothercraft training, with seven training schools and two more to be opened shortly.

An additional pre-school course can also be taken at the Kindergarten Training College at Kew.

Interesting People

DR. C. W. ALLEN

. . . a new calendar

ENGAGED in solar studies at Mt. Stromlo Observatory, Dr. C. W. Allen, who came from Perth in 1926, is chairman of Australian Affiliate of World Calendar Association. It has asked U.N.O. to adopt a new calendar. Present one was introduced by Julius Caesar. "That proposed by us divides the year into four quarters; each begins on a Sunday, so the same date of the month comes on the same day of the week each year."

MISS NANCY GLEESON-WHITE

. . . changed career

TRAINED for stage, Sydney actress Nancy Gleeson-White has won high Economics honors at Sydney University, being only woman in history of Economics School to graduate with first-class honors. Now a cadet with Department of External Affairs, is a member of Canberra Repertory Society, hopes career will take her abroad. Aged 20, was one of three women from all over Australia chosen to fill cadetship vacancies.

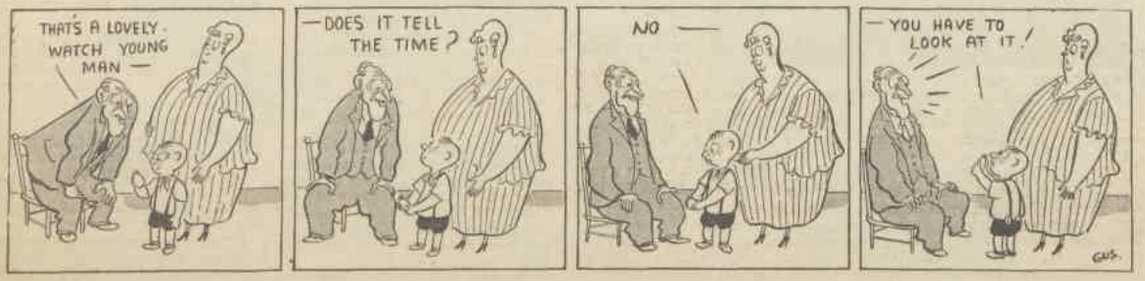
MR. JOHN CLARK

. . . people interest him

SENIOR educational officer, N.S.W. Technical Education Department, part-time lecturer in psychology at University, John Clark leaves this month for London on Carnegie Fellowship for two years. Lately has been connected with establishment of University of Technology, worked for cultural subjects to be included in engineering degree courses. An M.A., first-class honors in psychology, says: "It is people who are important."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



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RECEPTION. Joyce Miller (third from left) shakes hands with Mrs. Kenneth Greene at reception in Gloucester Room, Australia Hotel, when High Commissioner for Canada, Mr. Greene (right), and his wife farewell Sydney friends. Joyce's mother, Mrs. Roy Miller (left), her sister, Mrs. Bruce Rankin, from Shanghai, and Mr. Miller arrive together.

BY CANDLELIGHT. Mrs. Neville Milson, of Huntley, Canberra, signs address book at reception given by retiring Canadian High Commissioner, Mr. Kenneth Greene, and his wife at Australia Hotel before they depart for America. Mrs. Milson's daughter, Ann, who looks on, accompanies Mr. and Mrs. Greene to Canada for visit with their daughter, Patsy.

PRETTY BRIDE. Mrs. Ronald Lyne, leaves St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, on arm of her husband. Bride, formerly June Taylor, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. C. Taylor, of Youie, Cooramble. Ronald is only son of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby Lyne, of Riccarton, Campbelltown, Tasmania. Couple will make future home in Tasmania.

CANBERRA PARTY. High Commissioner for India, Col. Bedi, and his wife entertained at party at Indian Legation, and among their guests were Miss Heather Champion (left), Mrs. Dhamija, Miss Rosalind Evatt, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Evatt, Mrs. John Burton, wife of Secretary of External Affairs, and the Bedis' two daughters, Mohnie and Sheilla (extreme right).

Intimate Jottings

PROBLEM set twelve hostesses of curry party to be held in aid of New South Wales Institution for Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children when they try to obtain all exotic ingredients for real Indian curry to be served at party.

To be sure their curry would be beyond reproach from the most particular gourmet, their president, Mrs. Ralph Doyle, asked Mrs. Moti Sanyal, wife of the Indian Welfare Officer, for her special Indian recipes.

So now quite a number of Sydney grocers have added to their customers' panic-buying of foodstuffs the problem of substituting some of the ingredients that are unobtainable in Sydney.

Mrs. Doyle herself is basking in sunny Queensland for a few days' holiday at Surfers' Paradise, and will hunt around Queensland's shops for tropical tit-bits which will brighten her curry dish. "We'll hold party come what may," she tells me. "And, lights or no lights, we want everyone to turn up in their glamor cocktail gowns for the party, which will be held in the soft radiance of hurricane lamps."

Party, which is by invitation only, is to be held at Ballet and Theatre Club this Saturday. It's hoped by committee that all their guests are mad about curry, so that they'll raise a heap of money.

• • •

ANOTHER attractive young couple off to England are Judy and Ian Potts. They are making preparations for their departure for England at end of August, when Ian, who is at present at Repatriation General Hospital, Concord, will continue his studies with post-graduate course at one of England's hospitals. Judy has just returned from trip to Melbourne.

WED IN ENGLAND. Dr. and Mrs. Robson Lang after their marriage at Ketton Parish Church, Ketton, Rutland. Bride formerly Helen Minnett, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Minnett, of Manly, and Robbie is twin son of Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Lang, of Willoughby.

CUTTING THE CAKE. Max Holcombe, of Taratan, Wee Waa, assists bride, formerly Mary Phelps, Wee Waa and Bellevue Hill, cut cake at reception at Rancliff. Bridesmaid Vox Phelps, best man, Peter Knight, Wee Waa, look on.

INDEPENDENCE DAY BALL. Former U.S. Army Lieut.-Colonel Dick Brewer with his Australian wife at Trocadero when Sydney's American community organise dance to benefit Spastic Centre and other charities.

BRIDE FROM GOULBURN. Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Field leave Great Synagogue after marriage. Bride formerly Rosalie Green, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Judah Green, of Corrinyah, Goulburn. Sydney is son of Mrs. K. Field, of Waverley, and late Mr. J. Field. Couple spend honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise.

LETTER packed with news for Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Thomas, of Mosman, from their daughter Margaret, telling them about her June wedding in England. Margaret, who is Science graduate of Melbourne University, went to England after winning year's fellowship with International Federation of University Women. At the end of the year she was granted a British Council grant to continue research work in microbiology at Rothamsted Experimental Station.

It was at Rothamsted that she met Denis Read. Couple were married at St. Nicholas' Church, Harpenden, Herts. Dr. Janet Mollison was bridesmaid and Dr. Philip Mutton best man. Dr. Mutton is one of the British scientists coming out to Australia shortly for the Science Congress, so the Thomas' are looking forward to meeting him and hearing first-hand news of wedding. Margaret and Denis are honeymooning at Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Margaret will return to Australia in November for a year with the C.S.I.R.

• • •

RECEIVING congratulations: Dottie and Jimmie Atkins on birth of their son, Arthur Owen, at Englewood Hospital, Burwood . . . Italian opera star Rina Mariosa and her husband, Maestro Manno Wolff-Ferrari, on birth of their son in Brisbane during opera season there. They have named him Rudolpho Brisbane Wolff-Ferrari.

• • •

LOTS of country folk in town for Gwen Ridley's wedding with Arthur Weir. Gwen is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ridley, of Pine Hill, Forbes. Her sister, Mrs. C. Coppa, was matron of honor at ceremony, which took place at St. James', King Street.

Bride and bridegroom honeymoon at Surfers' Paradise, and make home at Ungarie, Wyalong.

HONEYMOON at Barrier Reef and Cairns for the Frank Brierleys, who recently wed at All Saints' Church, Woollahra. Eunice is only child of Mrs. R. Elliott, of Bondi, and late Constable Elliott. Frank is only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brierley, of Hamilton, Newcastle.

• • •

CHEERY Doug Munro, of Gundebri, Merriwa, leaves by plane for England, where he will join his wife, Barbara, for holiday, which combines business and pleasure. Doug hopes to visit Scotland and land some prize cattle for his property, and then he and Barbara will see the sights and have holiday in London before returning.

• • •

TOUR of Canada and the U.S.A. for newlyweds Gordon and Joy Murray, who marry at Strathfield Methodist Church and sail in Aorangi. Joy is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Medlicott, of Strathfield, and during visit abroad will see her sister, Mrs. Royden Martin, who is now living in California.

• • •

BRIEFLY: Three-diamond engagement ring being worn by Mary Langley, of Taree, whose engagement to Peter Windeyer, of Meni Meni, Gulargambone, is announced . . . John and Barbara Fenwicke return from honeymoon spent at Yamba, and are making their home at Roumalla, Uralla. Barbara is twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wiseman, of Uralla, and John is elder son of the Rupert Fenwickes, of Europambla, Walcha . . . Fifty young friends of Nola Byrnes entertained at their property, Dilkusha, Upper Manilla, when Nola goes home for vacation. She is in final year at the Mater Hospital.

Joyce

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Sauce For The Gander

Continued from page 4

MR. PAGE said he'd been free, so he'd gone to the public library, where he'd studied a book on nutrition. What had struck him most forcibly was the relatively slight connection between the cost and the nutritional value of various foods.

"I've heard a rumor about vitamins myself," said Mrs. Page, "and I'm not extravagant."

"That isn't enough," said Mr. Page. "We've got to reorganise our dietary habits into a pattern of real austerity. Chicken and rabbit have no business on our table any day in the week; instead, we can have savory stews, hearty macaroni dishes"—what a disgusting book the librarian must have given him, thought Mrs. Page—"or," he went on, "cabbage salad, potato mixtures, and dried peas."

Mrs. Page felt chilled. "I heard about a student who tried an experimental diet for a month," she said. "He had just black coffee, brown bread, and tomatoes, every day. He felt fine, too."

"Of course," said Mr. Page, "if you want to sabotage my serious plan with cheap cynicism——"

"Oh, no," Mrs. Page said remorsefully, "I was teasing. Only," she added, playing what she hoped was a trump card, "you'll have to do the shopping."

"I'd like to," Mr. Page said promptly. "I think I can do it more dispassionately than you can." He got up, looking earnest and vigorous, and pounded his right fist into the palm of his left hand. "By Jove, we'll whip this inflation yet!" he said. He looked, Mrs. Page thought, remarkably like her old school games-mistress.

The notion made her grin in a way that looked more friendly than she felt. Mr. Page grinned back. "Let's have a drink on it," he said.

"Lovely," said Mrs. Page. She had great faith in the distracting properties of alcohol. She smiled affectionately as she heard him clinking bottles.

In a few minutes, Mr. Page returned with a couple of glasses of ale. Mrs. Page, who had her mouth set for a gin and didn't care for beer, looked glum.

"Beer is cheaper than gin—and better for you," he explained. Mrs. Page was inclined to retort that tap water was cheaper still, but she checked the nasty impulse. In his present mood of exaltation, Mr. Page might be capable of taking her at her word.

From that day forward, the heart had gone out of Mrs. Page's work; she moved heavily about the kitchen in a dull apathy. Mr. Page, on the contrary, became increasingly keen. He memorised calorie charts; he became an authority on meat-stretching; he brought home bags of strong-flavored greens, odd assortments of fish, and dehydrated potatoes.

The children ate their meals with enthusiasm; as long as food was plentiful or sweet, it was all right with them. Once, Mrs. Page caught her husband sneaking some bicarbonate of soda after dinner, but he said it was because the meal had been so good that he'd overeaten.

Mrs. Page began to retreat from reality. She developed a tendency to go to bed with a French cookery book. The past few days had been especially wearing, because Mr. Page had started being helpful in the kitchen itself. He would pace the floor while she was preparing dinner; he would pounce to retrieve a withered carrot; he would comment adversely upon the thickness of potato peelings, or turn off the oven "to save gas and utilise the stored heat."

Mrs. Page bore all this with a numb sense of fatalism. Some day, she thought hopefully, she would go crazy, and be thus released from her misery.

But Mrs. Page, given a chance, was a cheerful woman. The invitation to the dinner had seemed to promise an escape happier, if briefer, than madness. She had determined to let nothing ruffle her until it was over. Her resolve had been sorely tried on the day of the party, when she had returned from the beauty parlor to find that Mr. Page had already got the lunch, but even then she had remained outwardly agreeable.

Mr. Page had seated her at the dining-room table. "I have a surprise," he said, beaming. "Something new and tasty." He went into the kitchen and came back bearing a casserole. "Kedgeree," he said.

"What?" asked Mrs. Page.

"Kedgeree," he repeated. "That's its name. It's a mixture of pearl barley, fish flakes, and reconstituted dried egg."

Mrs. Page cursed herself silently for not having braved the perils of a snack-bar lunch, and took as small a helping as she decently could. Mr. Page had two large helpings, but there was a great deal left. "We can warm it up to-morrow," he said. Mrs. Page smiled.

After her husband was safely gone, she had given it to the stray cat. Now, as Mrs. Page ran down the stairs, she was nervous. The girls trailed behind her. "What do you think you'll have to eat, Mummy?" asked Jane.

"Grown-ups don't think about the food at parties," Mrs. Page replied airily. "We go to be with our friends." Something on the fancy side for the hors-d'oeuvre, she thought. Crisp lettuce and smoked salmon, with stuffed olives.

In the kitchen, she found her husband squatting in front of the refrigerator, with an arm thrust into its lighted recesses.

"Ready?" she asked.

"I was just checking the larder," he said. He stood up and faced her. "I can't find the kedgeree."

"You can't?" Mrs. Page echoed, playing for time. "That's funny."

"It isn't in the least funny to lose to-morrow's lunch," Mr. Page corrected her. "Don't you really know where it is?"

Mrs. Page backed against the wall. She felt cornered. She opened her eyes and looked at her husband with an air of candor. "I ate it," she said.

"You did what?"

"I ate it," Mrs. Page said again.

"There was a lot left," Mr. Page said suspiciously.

"I was very hungry," she said.

"You must have been," he said.

Mrs. Page felt the elation of ignominious power. She had cheated, but she had won. He wouldn't stoop to call his wife a liar.

It was a long drive to the party. Mrs. Page made a few feeble essays at conversation, but they drew no response.

Even when she was seated at last in her hosts' drawing-room, and had been given a sherry instead of the Martini she'd feared, she felt like biting her nails.

A neat-looking maid, stepping daintily as a cat on the soft carpet, came in with a tray of fresh cocktails. Somewhere, in her progress from kitchen to drawing-room, she must have left a door ajar.

Mrs. Page, who was discussing modern music with the woman sitting next to her, tried to keep from sniffing audibly, but her silent nose was trained on the scent.

She glanced across the room at her husband. He was listening deferentially to the visiting judge, and he looked pale and boyish beside the pink old gentleman. His nostrils quivered. He rose abruptly. "Excuse me, sir," he said to the judge, and made his way quickly to Mrs. Page's side.

The hostess had beckoned to the maid. "Remember to close the kitchen door," she was saying.

Mr. Page, bending over his wife, spoke quickly, hardly moving his lips. "Goose," he said, "and braised celery."

"Ah!" breathed Mrs. Page.

For an instant, their eyes were joined in a gaze as private and compelling as that of love. Then Mr. Page rejoined the judge, and Mrs. Page turned back to her fellow guest.

"Still," that lady said, "I'm old-fashioned enough to want a melody."

"Oh, yes!" said Mrs. Page.

She was now feeling very happy. She didn't envy anybody in the world except the cook who was back there in the steamy kitchen, basting the brown bird with golden dripping.

She smiled at her husband. That kedgeree, she thought. If you added some cream and a little grated onion and perhaps curry powder . . .

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Sing, O Troubadour

I DROVE Joanna through the town, then down past the power-station ash dump, turning off among the trees just before the road bridge. There was a big moon reflected on the river, I remember, and the sound of frogs and crickets.

She sat very quiet, and I thought she was trying to make up her mind what to say.

"Come on, Joanna," I said. "We're here, and there's nobody listening. Tell me."

She sighed. "Yes, Frank. It's not about me, to start with, except very indirectly. I've got a friend in Bloemfontein, whom I'll call Mary, because names don't matter.

"About a year ago Mary fell very much in love with a fellow who was working at the same place as she was. I don't suppose this man ever took her seriously, in view of what happened later, but he was very charming and fascinating to her, and after a while they went out regularly together.

"There was absolutely nothing that roused her suspicions—although she did once or twice wonder why he didn't want to announce their engagement.

"Then, one evening, he didn't keep an appointment, and when she inquired she discovered with a shock that he had left Bloemfontein to take up a position elsewhere.

"The next morning there was a letter in the post from him. It was a very friendly letter—and that's what was the matter with it. There was nothing in it—not a hint—of the feeling he had professed for her and she felt for him. It was a perfectly obvious brush-off, and it broke Mary's heart."

She fell silent. "And then?" I prompted.

"This man's here in Vereeniging now, Frank, and he's trying to start the same game on me. At least, I think so. He keeps asking me to go out with him, and I keep refusing, but he's very persistent."

"That doesn't seem much of a problem," I said. "Why don't you just tell him once and for all that you're not interested in him?"

"That's just what I can't do."

"Why not?"

"Because—oh, Frank, if I told him I wasn't interested in him, I wouldn't be telling the truth."

"You mean you've fallen for him?"

She said: "Yes," and there was more than a hint of tears in her voice.

"You know, Joanna," I said, "you might be doing this fellow an injustice. I mean this affair with your friend—she might quite possibly have exaggerated things to herself. Perhaps he never even knew that she was taking him seriously—to him it might have been a harmless flirtation, and the departing letter sent in all innocence."

"I've thought of that, but how can I find out?"

"Why not ask him directly?"

"That's no use, Frank — it wouldn't get me any further. Whether he was as guilty as sin, or as innocent as you say he might be, do you think he'd tell any other story?"

"Maybe not," I said, and then added firmly, "all the same, Joanna, you're going the wrong way about things. Knowing women, I take it that you'd even forgive him for what he did to your friend, provided he is sincere about you? The only way you can ever hope to find out about that is to go out with him."

There was relief in her tones. "Do you really think so, Frank?"

"I do," I said.

When I next saw Bill and he brought up the same subject, I threw out a pretty broad hint.

"I've been thinking about it," I told him, "and I've come to the conclusion that the only explanation of her attitude is that she knows of something that you've said or done somewhere before you came to Vereeniging. Have you got anything on your conscience?"

"You may be right," he said slowly. "It would explain her attitude. And then I have been quite a fly-by-night type in the past. There was a girl in Port Elizabeth, for instance, and another in Bloemfontein . . . but I swear to you, Frank, this is different."

"It's not me you've got to convince, Bill."

"And don't I know it! But how—where?"

"If I can help you, we'll wangle it somehow on Thursday night."

Continued from page 5

"Thursday night?"

"Yes—at the do on Manning's boat."

Bill said: "There'll be a big crowd there. Not much chance of any privacy."

"Oh, I don't know. I've thought of an idea."

At ten o'clock on Thursday night the whole crowd at Manning's party went below deck for supper.

I tugged at Joanna's arm, and said: "Don't go in. Let's stay on deck for a while. There's something I want to tell you."

When all the others had disappeared, I started off on a discussion of the next play our Dramatic Society was putting on, in which we were both interested. After a few moments I asked her to excuse me while I fetched some papers.

I went behind the companionway, and quite unashamedly prepared to eavesdrop.

Bill must have come up suddenly behind her, because I heard her say: "That's quick, Frank," and then . . . "Oh."

Bill said: "Joanna, will you come with me to the dance next week?"

"I'm afraid I can't, Bill."

There was a short pause, then: "Do you hate me, Joanna?"

"Of course not."

"Then why do you torture me like this?"

"Torture? Like what?"

"Refusing to go out alone with me."

She said, "I don't see how that can be described as torture."

"It is when a man's so in love with you that he can't think of anyone else."

"It's quite a good line you've got, Bill," she said. "I wonder what's keeping Frank."

"You don't believe me," he said. "Look at me, Joanna—I want to tell you something. I'm no angel—and I'm not proud of my past. I've made love to lots of girls in different places and at different times, but you're so different from other girls, Joanna.

"No, don't look away. Do you know the most inadequate phrase in the English language is 'I love you' when you really feel that love? It's — oh — Joanna, I don't know how to explain."

"It's a strange thing," she said shakily, "but I've got that feeling, too."

There was a pause, and I risked a peek through the door. She was in his arms and he was kissing her.

This is where a love story should end, with moonlight, a river, and a young couple in each other's arms. Only this isn't just a story—there is a little more to add.

I came out from behind the door, making enough noise to advertise my imminent arrival, and greeted Bill as casually as I could.

Joanna said: "I'm glad you're here, Frank. I want you to be the first to know. We've just got engaged."

Bill stood with a smile of pleasure on his face, and then he said: "By the way, Frank, don't tell anyone about this now. There are certain private family reasons why I don't want to have the engagement announced just at this moment." He turned to Joanna, "You don't mind, do you, darling? I'll explain to you later."

She said, "No, I don't mind," but I was looking at her, and I saw the shadow leap into her eyes and the little ironical twist fasten itself to her smile.

He never had an inkling, though, and six weeks later when Joanna gave me his very chatty, casual letter of farewell to read there was no necessity for either of us to say anything.

Well, I suppose you'll say I've spoiled the story, and no doubt I have.

Love story? Yes, there is one arising out of all this.

There's no moonlight in it, and no tortured emotions striving to become articulate. It's really very quiet and logical and unspectacular—friendship, at first, then companionship, and then the gradual blossoming into something a great deal more. No outstanding characters, no dramatic incidents—in fact, none of the essential elements of the troubadour's song.

But I think it's the grandest love story in the world.

So does my wife, Joanna.

(Copyright)

Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 7

WALTER brought a broom from the kitchen and began sweeping up. Agatha stepped into the cubbyhole beyond the swinging door, turned on an overhead bulb, and gazed forlornly at her uncle's desk for a minute. Then she went back to the bar.

Walter, standing by the door, said over his shoulder, "No ball game today."

Agatha sat down at one of the tables; its surface felt cold and greasy to her hand. So here she was, she thought, opened up. And now what?

She looked out at the rain on Eighth Avenue. There must be some duty to occupy her, she thought, and she called to Walter.

"Just what am I supposed to do, Walter?" she asked. "As proprietor of a bar, I mean."

Walter picked up his broom, said, "Count the money," and resumed his sweeping. "The rest of us do the work," he said. "All you got to do is count the money."

A bell rang piercingly in the still room, startling Agatha.

"And answer the telephone," Walter said. "You can do that."

The telephone was in a booth near the door. Agatha went to it and lifted the receiver. She said, "Hello," and a cheery voice said, "So you made it on time."

"Who's this? Jack Barlow?"

"That's right. Just wanted to tell you I'll be in this afternoon for a cocktail. Can you mix a Manhattan?"

"I think so."

"Better practise," he said. "I'll be in about five."

Agatha felt more cheerful after she had hung up. It was thoughtful of him to call, and he had chosen the perfect time. She went behind the bar, aimlessly, and examined the rows of bottles.

Walter had finished sweeping out, and Agatha asked, "Walter, how do you mix a Manhattan? It's two to one, isn't it?"

"It ought to be three to one," Walter said, and unexpectedly grinned at her. "I guess you're Leo's niece, all right. Here, I'll mix you a Manhattan." He did, and then drew himself a beer.

"I do want to learn," Agatha said. "I want to keep it going the way Uncle Leo wanted it."

"That's easy," Walter said. "Just leave it like it is."

Agatha said, "I don't know what else I could do with it."

Walter turned his head. "What do you know?" he said. "A customer!"

The man coming in, she recalled, was one of the ones Oscar had introduced her to the night before. When Walter said, "Hi, Tony," she remembered that his name was Tony Franklin.

Please turn to page 22

"To get back to MY version . . ."

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THE HAWKINS IS—SO SURE—SO SAFE—SO SIMPLE

Aunt Agatha, who knits, says—

M6

Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 21

AGATHA smiled at Tony brightly, pleased that she remembered who he was.

"Yanks are rained out to-day, Tony," Walter said.

Tony nodded. He gave Agatha a grave expressionless glance, as if he were accustomed to finding her behind the bar, and said, "Morning, Miss Christopher."

"New bartender," Walter said. "You want a drink? Take a Manhattan. She can mix a Manhattan."

"I want a beer," Tony said.

"Okay," said Walter. "She can draw you a beer."

Agatha flushed, but not in anger. She put the glass under the spigot, slapped the handle the way Walter had, and was rewarded by a spray of foam that cascaded over the rim of the glass.

Walter said, "Excuse me, Miss, let me show you."

This time Agatha noticed that he allowed a quick spurt to raise a head on the glass, then tilted the glass and eased the beer in the rest of the way.

"Oscar asked me to come in to-day," Tony said. "Miss Christopher, I'm an accountant. I used to balance the books for Leo."

Agatha smiled happily. "You're the man I'm looking for," she said. "I was just telling Walter. Everything goes on just as it was. You know where the books are."

It was a great load off Agatha's shoulders. She felt so much better that she went to the telephone booth and put in a call to her mother.

Gwen said crisply, "Now, Agatha, let's have it. Why are you being so evasive? Where is the place? What's the name of it?"

"It's called Leo's Place," Agatha said. "It's over on Eighth Avenue."

"Good gracious!" said Gwen. "It sounds like a place Leo would have, all right. On Eighth Avenue?"

"Yes, Mother, it's just a bar and grill. Now please don't tell anyone. Don't tell Charlie. I'm going to sell it as soon as I can and come home."

"I'm not surprised, knowing your Uncle Leo," said Gwen. "And I'm glad that you're coming home again. I'll tell Charlie."

"Tell Charlie nothing!" Agatha cried. "I'll be home in a day or so."

"All right, dear," Gwen said gently. "The fact of the matter is that a girl can't inherit a career. Don't you think you'd better hurry back to something you know something about? I was talking to Roy Smith and he said of course they don't take your resignation seriously at the library."

Agatha stepped out of the telephone booth into her saloon. It was still raining outside and no more customers had appeared. She went through the swinging door and found Tony Franklin bent over the books, a beer at his elbow.

"Leo left everything in pretty good shape, for Leo," he said. "Bills all paid up." He opened the top drawer and took out a sheet of paper. "I found this in the drawer."

Agatha saw a notary's seal at the bottom of the page. It was the agreement assigning ten per cent. of Lefty Langan's net profits to Leo Christopher. She tapped it thoughtfully on her fingertips, then carried it back behind the bar and put it in her pocketbook.

A little after three o'clock a man entered Leo's Place, took off his hat, and called, "Miss Christopher here?"

"Here," Agatha said.

He was a small, trim man with bright eyes and a ready smile.

"Oscar sent me down," he said. "I'm your new barman."

Walter looked up. "Know how to work television?"

"Yeah, I was in a bar on Seventh and——"

"Okay," Walter said. "Tell the lady your name."

"Billy Walsh, Miss."

"Ready to go to work?" Walter asked. "We're breaking in a new owner here. Ready to work?"

"Sure."

Billy Walsh went behind the bar. He seemed to know which cupboard to open to find an apron.

"That stuff on the end is the bar whisky," Walter said. "We're trying to get rid of the stuff. Leo stocked it to help out a friend." He winked at Agatha. "Trouble is all the customers know it."

Tony Franklin pushed the swinging door open and called, "Hey, Aggie."

Agatha turned with a jerk. Tony said, "Can you come here a minute?"

Agatha walked purposefully back to the office, met Tony's eyes and said with severity, "My name is Agatha Christopher, Mr. Franklin. Don't you think you should call me Miss Christopher?"

"Sure," Tony said. "Last night everybody was calling you Aggie, after you left, and I forgot. Sorry."

"Oh, they were," Agatha murmured.

"Everybody calls me Tony," he said and went on, "Why I called you back here, you know this joint isn't any money-maker."

"No?" Agatha said.

"No, and another barman's going to make a dent. I wanted you to know."

"Last night there seemed to be a big crowd," Agatha said. "They were doing business last night."

"Sure," Tony nodded. "Lefty was fighting. But it was a beer crowd. Mostly beer. You put another barman out there you're lucky if you clear a hundred a week."

"But I have to have a barman, Tony."

"Yeah," he said. "I just wanted you to know."

"Thanks," Agatha said.

"Leo was a pal of mine," Tony said. "I want to steer you right, Aggie. He sunk a lot of dough in that television, but it's not paid off. Every bar has television."

"Yes," Agatha said. "But they haven't all got a house fighter, have they?"

Tony chuckled. "Yes, we've got Lefty Langan." He patted her shoulder lightly and murmured, as he sat down again, "Aggie, you're okay."

Agatha was pleased. The gesture was more than friendliness; it was a gesture of acceptance, she felt, and she did not mind being called Aggie in the least, under the circumstances.

She stepped again into the bar. With Tony in the office and the new barman behind the bar, Agatha felt there was no further need of her.

In fact, there was no comfortable place for her to station herself, unless she stood at the bar, which, she remembered with a smile, was against the house rules, or unless she occupied a table.

She decided that she would have some work done on the office, make it somewhat more liveable, and then recalled that she was going to sell the bar anyhow. She glanced round her and smiled, and thought that she had become attached to the place; it was a shame to sell out.

It was getting on to four o'clock, and Agatha had eaten no lunch. It was still raining. She went to the door to look at the driving rain, and stepped aside as a bare-headed man entered, his black hair plastered to his forehead.

For a moment Agatha did not recognise Lefty Langan, not until he said, "I want to talk to you."

His face looked drawn, and his dark eyes were lustreless under the ridge of his brows. He moved his arms uneasily, like the reflexes of an inarticulate man used to talking with his fists.

After a moment's pause, he said: "I guess I was out of turn last night."

"Why, no," Agatha said. "You were all right."

"I didn't get it last night when you talked about tearing up that contract. But Oscar straightened me out, and thanks."

"I'll get it for you now," Agatha said. "You can tear it up yourself."

Agatha went behind the bar for her pocketbook, and when she turned Lefty had moved on to a table and had taken off his raincoat. He sat down heavily, but got to his feet again when Agatha approached.

She took the sheet of paper from her handbag and put it on the table, but Lefty did not pick it up.

"You might as well keep it," he told her, with a wan smile.

"Oh, no," Agatha said.

He looked at her, scowled, and called out, "Walter, want to bring me a boilermaker?"

"Here," Agatha said, and gave the paper a little push with her forefinger. "Tear it up."

"Keep it," he said, "for a souvenir, I'm done with the ring."

Walter shuffled over with a beer and a rye on his tray, set them in front of Lefty, and asked, "You gonna tie one on again?"

"What's it to you, Walter?" Lefty said.

"If a customer wants to get soused I'm here to lend a helping hand," Walter said. "Go ahead, stupid, get soused." He turned and walked away.

Lefty grinned and said, "That Walter!" He drank the rye down and took a swallow of beer.

"You know you're not through with the ring," Agatha said softly. "One knockout isn't going to stop you."

Lefty pointed a finger at Walter. "Set me up another, Walter, without the conversation."

Lefty looked at Agatha, but fixed his gaze somewhere above her eyebrows.

"I'm getting my old job back," he said. "I talked to my manager today, and told him I was getting my old job back. He didn't shed no tears."

"What was your old job?" Agatha asked.

"Dispenser," Lefty said, with a stony face.

"A what?"

"Dispenser," Lefty said. "That drugstore two blocks down, that's where I used to work."

There was silence for a moment. Agatha's eyes were on Lefty's big, fleshy hands. "You mean you're a soda jerk?" she asked, incredulous. "Somehow I can't imagine you behind a soda fountain, whipping up malteds. You—you belong in the ring."

"For ten per cent. you take a lot on yourself, Miss Christopher," Lefty said. "I didn't ask for anybody's advice."

"I'm sorry," Agatha said, flushing. "Of course it's none of my business, and I'm sorry."

"Forget it," he said. "It's all right. You're Leo's niece, and Leo done a lot for me." He chuckled.

"I knew Leo a long time. When I was a kid I used to make him mad. I grew up around here, see. Nights us kids used to hang out here on the avenue, and we had a game we used to play, to make Leo mad. We'd run up to the door of this bar and shout—well, I wouldn't repeat what we shouted."

He smiled gently. "It sure made Leo mad, and one day he caught me. He laid in wait and caught me, and I thought he was gonna call a cop. But he sat me down and poured me a ginger ale and we had a talk, and Leo was always my pal after that. You know what my big moment was?"

Please turn to page 26

RIVETS

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". . . working up the lather in exactly six seconds. Right? Right! Now I defy YOU, or any man with a heavy-duty, daily-double beard such as yours, to show me a shaving cream that can . . ."

"I know there's always a danger of fire spreading to other homes, Tepley, but I don't believe she needs to be rescued yet!"

It seems to me . . .

By

Dorothy Drain

ONE of the commonest phrases we use when discussing plans, hopes, and ambitions is "When times are normal."

Eventually you come round to the conclusion that times are sometimes worse than others, but never normal, if by normal we mean placid.

Wars, booms, depressions, industrial troubles, epidemics, floods and droughts make up the chequered pattern of human history.

People tend to look back, recalling days which they believed more halcyon, less subject to upheavals. Mostly they look back to a childhood where parents provided the bastion between them and the troubled times.

Sometimes I have been inclined to think enviously of the period depicted by Jane Austen, whose heroines and heroes seemed to lead lives undisturbed by the march of events, lives where a ball or an afternoon tea could provide conversation for weeks.

But if transported back a century, one mightn't be lucky enough to be born into Miss Austen's leisured class. One might have been a cog in the wheels of the industrial revolution.

* * *

KEEPING warm is the immediate problem in the present circumstances, and never have so many clothes been worn.

Girls who normally dislike adding a fraction of an inch to their circumference have given the game away.

The rug, knotted loosely round the waist, is now de rigueur. Covering the knees when seated, the fullness is switched smartly to the back, forming a train, when walking from room to room.

When added to a tweed suit bulging over a double issue of undergarments, revealing sheepskin slippers, and with a hot-water bottle clutched to the waistline, it presents a silhouette more startling than anything Mr. Dior has conceived.

* * *

LITTLE patches of brightness creep in, like the conversation I overheard when a woman was asking a friend to visit for lunch.

The prospective hostess said: "I don't know how we'll manage, but I expect you won't mind a scratch meal."

"Oh, not at all," said the guest cheerfully. "I couldn't be any more miserable than I am at home."

* * *

THE United States Defence Secretary (Louis Johnson) has ordered the three chiefs-of-staff of the armed Services—Navy, Army, and Air Force—to spend a four days' holiday together every 60 days.

He believes that greater unity can be brought about in the armed services if their heads play as well as work together.

During the war there was a cartoon in an American magazine which illustrated the problem Mr. Johnson is trying to solve.

It showed two sailors, one of whom was offering a light to a soldier, and saying to his disgusted buddy, "Aw, go on. They're our allies, same as the British and the Chinese."

Nor were such strong feelings between services confined to America. Wherever you get bodies of men—or women, for that matter—with a pride in their own group, you get a rivalry which can at times take on more than a tinge of hostility.

It's not easy of solution. Perhaps two generals and an admiral playing golf may help, but I doubt it.

HAVING read a report that the British Navy intended to abolish bell-bottom trousers, I wired our Melbourne office to see if they could find out what Australian Naval Headquarters felt about this momentous decision.

When our Melbourne office had recovered from the mirth occasioned by my omission of the word "bell-bottom" in the wire, they made the inquiry.

The report, says the Navy, was unofficial, but—

"The Naval Board in Australia is being kept informed of the considerations of the Admiralty Uniform and Clothing Committee, which has for some time been investigating the question of naval uniform."

And—

"Under the Naval Defence Act, uniforms of the men of the R.A.N. conform to the uniforms of the R.N., subject to any variations which may be approved by the Australian Naval Board to suit local conditions."

Since the Navy wasn't, as you see, very outspoken on the matter, and since I would hesitate to bring down a nest of blue hornets on my head by voting for or against bell-bottom trousers, I conducted a poll among young ladies of impressionable age.

Sorting out the cries of "I think they're cute," and "I think they're terrible," I estimate about three to one in favor of bell-bottoms in the under-twenty group.

In the mid-twenties there was a tendency to approve of the change to orthodox trousers, and what sounds like a zippered battle blouse. Older age groups didn't seem to care.

A sailor's mother told me she was sure she didn't know what they'd do with their time with ordinary trousers to press and fold. "They take such pride in getting the creases right in the bell-bottoms," she said, "and woe betide you if you shift a folded pair carelessly."

* * *

A NEW YORK physiologist, Dr. Alma Kelly, claims that a woman can regain a girlish figure by simply lying down and thinking of exercise.

If this is true, you'll be able to judge a strong-minded woman by her measurements, in which case a man might do worse than choose a plump, pliable type.

* * *

THEORIES that some kinds of rheumatism are caused by emotional tension and chronic resentment are supported by a British doctor, who says that a useful mass treatment was to put 40 patients in a room and invite them to talk about their aches to one another.

All right in theory, but does he provide 40 listeners, too?

* * *

SHE used to wear her perfume like an aura;
Faint, drifting clouds, like violets in rain,
Bemused, they say, far more than one adorer,
Though all but one sighed after her in vain.

The years pass by, they take their toll of beauty,
She's one of many matrons, plump and clean,
But still beloved, though in the course of duty
She wears to-day the scent of kerosene.

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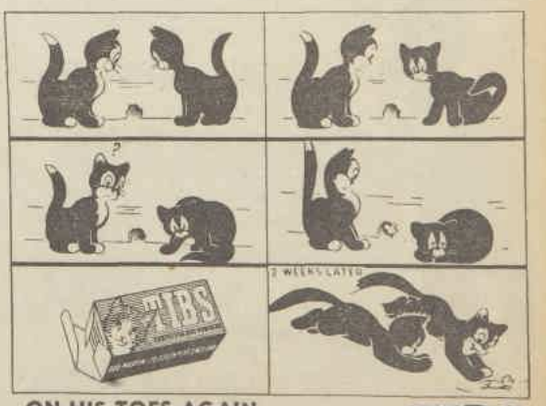

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MEN AND WOMEN OF THE COALFIELDS

GAME OF RUMMY at School of Arts, Cessnock, N.S.W., fills in time for card-players Bob Brown, Ron Ashman, Jim Kerwin, and Len Rae during coal strike. Social life on coalfields is simple. Picture theatres are well patronised and dancing is popular with young people.

MINER'S WIFE. Mrs. Bill Tromans, of Kurri Kurri, near Cessnock, off to do her shopping. Husband is vice-president of his Lodge.

BROTHERS Stan and Mervyn Williams, descendants of long line of Welsh miners, work during strike on home they are building for Stan, a widower.

MINERS Mervyn Cameron and Rowley Smith play billiards at School of Arts. Cessnock also has a Workers' Club, which is licensed.

LAWN at Cessnock home of pit-top carpenter Charles Powell receives attention during strike. Many miners have started vegetable gardens. Pictures by staff photographer Ernest Nutt.

Few jobs for girls . . .

Continued from page 17

THERE is no gas in Cessnock, and electricity is supplied by the Caledonian Collieries.

Power restrictions are being observed strictly in the town, but most housewives possess fuel stoves, for which they have enough coal to last five or six weeks if they are frugal.

A ton of coal a month is given to each miner, who pays cartage on it, and is also taxed on the yearly value of the coal.

Ambrose Murray, a jackman or boss wheeler in the mines by day and a boxing and dance promoter by night, told me he had bought the last three lamps in Cessnock to light the Lyceum Hall for the old-time dance he runs every Tuesday.

His partner in the venture is Jackie Green, better known as former lightweight boxer Stan Sarroff.

Three of the four picture theatres in the town were closed, and the remaining one was operating on an auxiliary plant.

I looked at the Aberdare Central mine, which was closed for 18 months because of fire and then reclaimed by teams of miners who worked in proto apparatus, a device which allows men to work in areas where there are poisonous gases.

Aberdare Central is 1250 feet deep and is the only mine of that depth which has been reclaimed.

Until recently coal was the only industry in Cessnock. Now there are three factories.

It is ironic that, in the heart of the coalfields, one of the factories has its own generating plant.

Town Clerk MacPherson is anxious to see light industry grow in the town.

"Coal is a man's industry, and the problem has been, 'What will we do with our daughters?'" he said.

"In the past, if the girls couldn't get one of the few jobs going in Cessnock, they either had to go to Newcastle daily or leave home.

"Cessnock girls working in the factories that have started here have distinguished themselves by no absenteeism or industrial strife."

Mr. MacPherson said that civic progress in Cessnock was necessarily slow because a coalfields town was a poor rating area.

"Graziers and other people who make their money in rural areas usually spend a fair bit of it in the townships, but the mine-owner or shareholder seldom takes any part in the life of a mining town," he said.

Mr. MacPherson said that during the 1930's the Cessnock Council's unimproved valuations fell from £750,000 to £300,000.

"A house that cost £800 to build was on the market at £200, and then there were no buyers. Things have picked up slightly, but we still have a long way to go," he said.

A number of men and their wives told me they hated the coal strike as strongly as most Australians.

They declared that they should have been allowed a secret ballot on the question, not just a meeting at which only 940 of the thousands of miners in Cessnock voted.

All declined to reveal their names, and admitted that they had not attended the decisive meeting.

One local businessman summed up the coalfields situation this way:

"Industry is now a creed on the coalfields. To the miner the coal industry and his life in it are as vital as a religion.

"His leaders realise this. They appeal to him continually on industrial grounds."

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PRIDE OF ERIN is danced by youthful miners and Cessnock girls at weekly old-time dance in Lyceum Hall. Anyone who persists in doing modern dancing is asked politely to leave.

OMINOES is popular game with pensioners. Players here are former iners Alf Thomas (left), Milty Bailey, Joe Manning, and Jack Smith.

UEL STOVE is in nearly every miner's home. Mrs. Janet Ormiston ooks hers while dinner cooks. Husband Jim enjoys the warmth.

LODGE OFFICIAL Bill Tromans peels potatoes for his wife at their Kurri home, watched by John Moore, David Tromans, and Janet Kaiser. Many miners' children attend Cessnock High School, where only a few of 900 pupils favor any occupation which will take them into mines.

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LADIES !

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Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 22

LEFTY'S eyes were bright again, and there was color in his cheeks, but Agatha thought that maybe it was because of the whisky. Walter had brought another boilermaker as Lefty talked.

"I'd been in the Navy," Lefty said. "I'd been out in the South Pacific and I'd seen a little action. But my big moment was when I was back here on leave and I walked up to the door here, where I used to yell and run, and I stepped up to the bar and ordered a drink and Leo grinned and poured the whisky, and then he said, 'It's on the house, sailor.'"

His eyes met Agatha's. "That night made me feel I'd really made the grade."

Agatha said, "I suppose you started fighting in the Navy?" and Lefty nodded.

"Yeah, I had a few bouts. I was welterweight then, and I was as good as any in my area. And after my discharge I picked up a few watches fighting amateur, and Leo bought 'em off me. And it was Leo told me to quit that job in the drugstore and fight pro. He gave me a stake to start on."

Lefty drew in a deep breath. "I thought I was a ball of fire then. I thought I could take Tony Zale if I had the chance." He shrugged. "Anyhow, I'm glad Leo didn't see me go down last night."

"Eddie Manolo was lucky," Agatha said, with conviction.

"He can hit," Lefty said. "He knocked me clean across town, didn't he? Right back into the drugstore."

"You're not taking that job back," Agatha said. "You're going to stay in the ring, Lefty."

"You think so?" Lefty said, and she saw the shine in his eyes.

"I know it," Agatha said. "I'm sure of it."

While they were talking, the redheaded girl had come in out of the rain, leading her Scotty on a leash. Agatha became aware of them when the dog shook itself vigorously, with a rattle of collar and chain.

Lefty glanced up and said, "Hello, Lucille."

The girl's eyes studied Agatha for a hostile moment, then she said, "Room for me here?"

Lefty pulled up a chair and the girl sat down opposite Agatha, with Lefty between them.

"You stop in at the drugstore, Lefty?" Lucille asked.

He shook his head.

"Honey, you ought to do it," Lucille said.

"Quit yapping about that drugstore," he said gruffly.

Lucille stiffened, but turned her hostility on Agatha in a glance that clearly held Agatha accountable. Her voice was placating. "But you know he's looking for somebody, Lefty. He won't hold that job open indefinitely."

Lefty held up his hands, said: "Look at 'em."

Lucille looked, said: "What about 'em? You want to borrow my nail file?"

"What business they got whipping up malteds?" Lefty said. "Spreading chicken salad, squirting cokes. Those are strong hands, Lucille. I never broke a hand. I never had any trouble with my hands."

"Trouble with your jaw is all you had," Lucille said.

Lefty sucked in his breath and the girl added hastily, "I mean talking, always talking. Big talk was always your trouble."

Lefty put his hands on the table. "That's not so."

"Oh, honey," Lucille said, and her voice had changed. It was pleading now. "You're not gonna go back on me, are you? You said last night you were through——"

Agatha realised that she was an intruder in a private argument, and she was embarrassed. It was none of her concern whether or not Lefty Langan left the prize-ring, and she had been rather free with her advice, on impulse and without real thought about it.

She was glad that Tony Franklin chose that moment to push open the swinging door and call, "Hey, Aggie, can you come in here?"

Agatha said, "Excuse me," and as she started to her feet Lefty Langan picked up the sheet of paper and thrust it toward her.

"Here, take it along," he said. "It may come in handy."

Agatha hesitated, then took the paper. It was not the time for further discussion of her inherited ten per cent.

Tony Franklin had everything in order, and he explained to her Leo's system of bookkeeping, such as it was. The cook had reported in and was rattling pans in the kitchen, and while Agatha was talking to Tony, Oscar Gumper arrived.

"Thought I'd drop in early," he said to Agatha as he hung his hat and coat. "Everything go okay?"

"Yes, fine," Agatha said. "Thanks for sending the barman. And, Oscar, I want to get hold of a good carpenter. I want to do some work on this office. Enlarge it a little, if it's possible and make it more comfortable."

Oscar gave her a curious look. "You figuring on staying in the business, Miss?"

"I might," Agatha said. "For a while, anyhow."

"I'll get you a carpenter," Oscar said. "I see what you mean. This office ain't much. I guess a woman wants a little more, and something on the wall besides pictures of pugs."

"That picture stays up," Agatha said, pointing to Lefty's picture. "Even if he isn't our fighter any more."

"Did he quit the ring to-day?" Oscar asked.

"He says so," Agatha said. "And his girl says so, too."

Oscar grunted. "Sure, Lucille wants him out of it. I guess I don't blame her. It's a racket, the fight game. I was in it once."

"What do you think, Oscar? Honestly. Do you think Lefty ought to give up?"

"He's good," Oscar said. "He's pretty good. It's too bad he's quitting. Trouble with that kid is he needs somebody to make him work."

"How about you?" Agatha said.

"I needle him some," Oscar said. "Best I can."

Agatha sighed and went through the swinging door. Jack Barlow was leaning against the bar.

"Hello," she said.

The television set was working and Lucille was sitting raptly gazing at the screen. Lefty Langan was working on another boilermaker.

JACK grinned. "You look as though you could take it. How did everything go?" he said.

"All right," she said. "Want a drink?"

"That's why I'm here. Manhattan?"

Agatha went around behind the bar. "I'm mixing this one, Billy," she said.

Billy Walsh put the vermouth and whisky on the bar in front of her, passed her the shaker with ice in it. He stood watching with alert interest, and Walter, the waiter, walked over, leaned his elbows on the bar and said, "Remember, Aggie. Three to one."

"Been taking lessons?" Jack asked.

"Just practising," Agatha said. She had not overlooked the fact that Walter had also called her Aggie. It was started now, she thought; it was too late to stop it. She was Aggie from now on in this Eighth Avenue gin mill.

Oscar came out, wearing his apron, and opened the cupboard behind the bar. He took out a cardboard placard that said WRESTLING TO-NIGHT and took it to the window.

On his return he kicked the cupboard door shut with violence, and Agatha knew the reason. The other placard had been in view within the cupboard, the one that said: LEFTY LANGAN FIGHTS TO-NIGHT.

Please turn to page 28

HAZEL

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and

LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are invited on a cruise in the Jason to the land where Lothar was born. With them is

PRINCESS NARDA: Who makes an enemy in

PRINCE ADEM: Who plans to overthrow the

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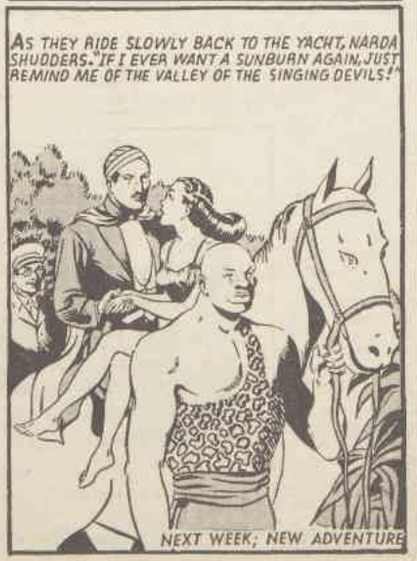

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Ringside Maiden

Continued from page 26

JACK BARLOW was smiling at Agatha. "After a day down here," he said, "I thought you might appreciate a change. I've got theatre tickets for to-night."

Agatha looked into his grey eyes. He was a sympathetic person, a thoughtful person. She had been lucky, she thought, in Uncle Leo's choice of a lawyer.

"And I've reserved a table at the Petite Marmite," Jack said. "In the sort of restaurant you hoped to inherit."

"I remember," Agatha said. "But I'm satisfied with what I've got. I guess I'm a hard-liquor girl at heart."

"No wine steward for you, eh?" Jack said. "I've noticed one thing about you. You approach a cocktail like a small girl sitting down to a nut sundae."

He added, thoughtfully, "In fact, most women do. They reach and they drink without the slightest effort to get acquainted with what's in the glass. They just swallow it down."

"Mister," said Walter, the waiter, "you got something. You got 't right." He turned to Oscar. "Boiler-maker," he said. "For Lefty."

Oscar filled the order and put the glasses on the tray, then gave his head a shake.

"There he goes," he said. "It will be three-four days of this. When he sobers up he'll be back in that drug-store."

"Lucille will take care of that, you mean?" Agatha said.

"That's it," said Oscar.

She smiled at Jack. "I'm afraid I've liquidated one of my assets," she said. "My house fighter is thoroughly liquidated."

She said it lightly, but later, as they were having dinner at the Petite Marmite, she still carried in her memory her last glimpse of Lefty Langan, slumped dejectedly at his table beside the red-headed girl, his big hands resting inanely on the table in front of him.

Agatha was preoccupied at dinner, and paid little attention to the food, the wine, or Jack Barlow's conversation. She was thinking about Lefty Langan.

"I think he ought to go back in the ring," she announced suddenly.

Jack smiled faintly, and from the way he leaned back in his chair, and the way his eyes narrowed until only the twinkle was visible, Agatha thought that he rather enjoyed seeing her impulses at work. He probably enjoyed watching her make a fool of herself, she thought.

"Well," she said, "do you think he ought to give it up to be a soda—a dispenser? What happens to soda jerks when they get old?"

"Come to think of it," he said, "I never saw an old one."

"Exactly," Agatha said. "He'll marry that red-head and she'll have six kids and put on fifty pounds and one day he'll go to the drugstore and they'll have a young, good-looking fellow in his place."

"Agatha," he said, "you're a long-range worrier, aren't you? Are you mapping out his whole life for him?"

Agatha laughed and said, "I've even named his six kids."

At some time during that evening Agatha reached a decision. She did not know just when it was, but all at once her mind was made up.

Actually, she reflected, it had probably happened at the table in Leo's Place when Lefty Langan had given back the agreement he had signed with her Uncle Leo, and she had taken it and returned it to her pocketbook.

She was going to encourage Lefty Langan to continue in the prize-ring, and she would talk to Oscar Gumper about it.

After the show Jack suggested a night-club, but now she wanted to go back to the hotel.

"The truth is," she said, "I've got a bit of a headache: I had a pretty trying day." She spread her hands apologetically. "I'm sorry."

"Then I'll take you straight home," he said, and told the driver, "Hotel Westbrook."

As the taxi moved away, Agatha felt ungrateful. He had become so instantly solicitous, and it was such a shopworn dodge to get rid of a man. She was sure he suspected that her head did not ache in the least.

She had known him two days now, and he had helped her immeasurably. The time had come when a man had a right to anticipate a kiss in the cab without encountering a mountain of resistance. But she had fenced herself in with a headache, and she hated to have him think that might be the reason for the headache.

The most unflattering summing up of Agatha's character could not honestly charge her with a lack of frankness or, even worse, a disposition to be coy.

She put her hand on his and said, "Jack, you've been awfully sweet to me, and I appreciate it a lot."

"I'm your lawyer," he said. "Nothing's too good for a client of Martin, Elder, and Barlow."

He smiled and squeezed her hand rather impersonally and it was clear to Agatha that he was going to respect that headache. She let her hand lie in his. She felt very strongly that there had to be some sort of repayment for her spurious headache.

"I'm wondering," she said softly, "what kind of fee you're going to charge me."

"My fee won't amount to much," he said. "It comes out of the estate, fixed by statute."

It had been a lovely opening for a man to claim his fee, and he had ignored it. Surprisingly, she was annoyed, as if he were the one pleading a headache, and she took her hand away.

A moment later the Westbrook came into view. He went with her as far as the elevators, where he shook her hand rather politely and said, "I'll call to-morrow to see how you're feeling."

Agatha detected a note of sarcasm in his voice, although his eyes told her nothing. Trying to look wan with suffering, she said, "I'm going to take some tablets and go straight to bed."

"Yes," he said, "a headache can be a pretty irritating thing."

Agatha stepped into the elevator, feeling ungrateful and contemptible and angry all at once, and saw him turn his back and stride away before the elevator doors closed.

To be continued

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

". . . well, sort of busy . . . ho, you silly boy, you . . . to-night? Oh, I couldn't . . . you flatterer . . . well . . . I know I shouldn't . . . ask me nicely . . . pretty please . . . with sugar on it . ."

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C.13.3

Contraband

Continued from page 9

SUSAN was alarmed. "What's the matter?" she asked.

A boy ran to shut off the juke box. Dead silence replaced the music. The number-one whispered an apology in Cantonese, to Sam, whose face was grey. Everyone was staring at him.

Sam controlled the shaking of his hands by clenching them. He waited a moment before saying, "Sorry. I—you—see—I——"

"You didn't like it?" suggested Susan.

Sam said gratefully, "That's it."

"You might be interested to know," the girl told him, "that I did the arranging for 'Stockyard Blues.'"

"Did you?" Sam's mouth said; and then the implications struck him almost as horribly as had the unexpected musical outburst.

Until he had dropped the glass, everything had been going wonderfully. Sam thought of saying, "There's a reason for what happened," but the reason wasn't what a man could explain.

A good reason. Night after night, in concentration camp, and during the days between, Sam Gillespie had refused to obey the Japanese commander's order to reveal what had been done with Asiatic-Import goods and funds. To assist the prisoner's memory he had been kept awake by howling horns blown by guards and by a clashing of cymbals.

When in blessed quiet Sam had been allowed to sleep, it was only so that he could be shocked to consciousness again by a wilder resumption of the nerve-jangling din. But Sam had kept his lips tight.

Susan asked, "Don't you like Chinese music, either?"

"No," said Sam.

"What Mr. Allison said you would do," she said evenly, "is to take me where I can hear it, examine the instruments, and buy some ancient authentic ones."

She bit her lip; then she flared, "When I make arrangements in the Chinese manner and our bands play them, I hope you're where you've got to listen!"

Her fellow-passengers wanted details about this giving an Oriental touch to dance music. While the talk went on, Sam's fingers became almost steady again.

Men who knew Sam nodded to him. Many had been in camp also. Far down the bar he saw several Chinese, among then Min S'iu; and Sam wondered automatically what sort of deal the merchant was cooking up. Something profitable, Gillespie supposed. And probably something illegal, which was right down the Cantonese's alley.

Sam realised why the girl had been angered; he understood why George had been so apologetic knowing what she was going to want. It wouldn't be easy to buy the Chinese instruments, if she insisted on fine old ones, prized possessions.

When the girl turned to him again, Sam said, "I'll see what can be done." He added, "I'm not sure about exporting ancient instruments."

"Mr. Allison has taken care of that," said Susan. Anger at what she thought was an excuse made her voice high and clear. "They are to go to a museum after I have finished with them. Mr. Allison says that there will be no difficulty in getting the instruments out of Hongkong or into the United States."

"That's good," Sam said.

The thing to do, he thought, was to arouse her interest so that she would forget her resentment.

"The Chinese," he began, "say there is perfect harmony between heaven and earth. The number three is the symbol of heaven, two the symbol of earth. So when two sounds are in the proportion of three to two, the Chinese believe that heaven and earth are in perfect accord, and——"

"Harmonise?"

"I expect that's it," agreed Sam. "They start with a big bamboo tube. Another tube is cut two-thirds the length of the first one. Proportionately two to three. Then a third tube is two-thirds of the second bamboo, and so on. When these tubes are struck with a stick——"

"Sound is produced in fifths! Grand!" Susan smiled; her eyes became bright. "I'd love to have such tubes to take back. Can they be bought?"

"We'll try to get them after dinner," promised Sam.

Men spoke to Sam as he and the girl walked out. Even Min S'iu stopped in a conversation to bow and shake hands courteously with himself, causing him to think that Min S'iu would be around soon, wanting something.

Had Sam turned, he could have seen Min S'iu taking hasty leave of his companions. And if Sam had looked back, when in a cab with Susan, he would have seen Min S'iu stepping into another one, which followed Sam's.

Sam and Susan were silent until they were in the Willow Blossom, seated in the coolest corner of the restaurant. Gillespie ordered carefully, from cold lotus-seed soup covered with salted custard to pineapple cut in curves like the yellow lanterns overhead.

Susan spooned through the custard.

WHEN Sam finally lit her cigarette, Susan said, "That was delicious." She was about to say more, but stopped when a Chinese approached.

Min S'iu, bowing, said, "Mr. Gillespie, your pardon. But when I saw the lady with you, I thought I might be of service. About music."

"Won't you sit down?" Susan invited.

Following Sam's introduction, Min S'iu said, "One overhears conversations in bars. I own a theatre. The musicians will gladly tell of their trade. Some might have extra instruments to sell."

"No squeeze," said Sam.

Min S'iu looked regretfully at Sam. "I had no intention of profiting. Not at the expense of musicians. I myself am interested in musical artists. That is why I trust I may be helpful to Miss Reed."

Gillespie didn't refuse the offer, knowing that traditional instruments might be difficult to buy. He was sure that Min S'iu, despite the protest, was figuring to make a profit from the sales, and also take a cut from what the musicians were paid.

Sam listened to talk about music which was over his head. Min S'iu enthusiastically agreed with Susan that modern dance music could be given authentic Chinese interpretations if properly arranged.

She was saying to Min S'iu, "It's rude of me, but I've been admiring your ring. Is it a special sort of jade?"

"Indeed, yes. We call it fei ts'ui, kingfisher plumes. It is blue and green at the same time, as you see. We Chinese prize it highly."

"I hope to take a jade ring back with me."

Sam asked, "A man's ring?"

"For myself." Her color told Sam she knew what he implied. Without real resentment, she chided, "That was pretty personal."

Min S'iu said lightly, "The word 'jade' annoys Mr. Gillespie. He, like many of us, is puzzled over the disappearance of a collection of jades." He paused, then added, "But I am sure he can get you a good jade to take with you. By the way, you said that you live in San Francisco. Near Chinatown?"

While Susan explained where she lived, and how she could see Chinatown's tiled roofs from her flat window, Sam knew that the word was out that Asiatic-Import was hot after the T'ung collection. If Min S'iu, with his underground contacts, hadn't located the gems so he could hold Asiatic-Import up for them, Sam was satisfied the collection hadn't been smuggled out of China proper and into Hongkong.

The theatre, later, was hot and packed. A drama of innocence, "The Circle of Love," had reached the scene where the maid was singing of her desires in shrill head tones, with stringed instruments giving prickling emphasis to her falsetto plea. Clashing cymbals punctuated each declamation.

Sam was steeled to the gusts of sound. He whispered to Susan that it was a villain whose face was painted black, an emperor who was bearded.

Susan, while staring at the vermilion, black, gold, and green robes of the actors, found rhythms in the fierce discordances, and swayed with them.

Min S'iu finally led the way to the stage, and, after a brief order to the conductor to follow him, to the green-room behind. Hanging from the wall hooks were masks, wigs, helmets, implements of war, thick-soled shoes to increase the stature of their wearers, robes; boxes on the floor were littered with brushes, paintpots, and colors.

The conductor appeared more concerned with whatever Min S'iu might want of him than with the orchestra's lack of direction.

"Our modern composers are seeking for effects which the Chinese have known for centuries," Susan said to the Cantonese. "If only I can catch those semitones, and yet keep our harmonies——"

Min S'iu bowed. "You have an excellent ear. Few recognise the beauty of our music." He quoted, "'Chinese music is soft, the patter of pearls on silk. It is liquid as water trickling over grass. But it can grow like a torrent burst from the grip of ice into passion too deep for words.'"

A more familiar side of Min S'iu was shown when he sent the old attendant for a musician, whose fellow players blew the louder to cover his absence, and the bargaining began. Whenever a summoned musician protested over the price offered by Min S'iu, he was reminded that he was in no position to argue, from which Sam gathered that Min S'iu and Company's business included the lending of money.

At a sharp word from Min S'iu, the conductor opened the wooden box containing his own seldom-used instruments. Miniature gongs strung on a frame, a conch shell, marble flute, wood horn shaped like a curved fish. At a further command, the conductor removed a piece of old cloth on which the instruments had rested.

Beneath the faded material, side by side, lay five carved bamboo tubes (lu), the wood so old that it was the color of Kin-t'ang tobacco.

Each tube was two-thirds of another, each had a stopper like a mandarin's buttoned cap. To each was fastened a frayed silk cord, blue, yellow, red, green, and black, the ancient ritual colors.

"How wonderful!" Susan exclaimed.

Min S'iu snapped, "How much, conductor?"

Please turn to page 30

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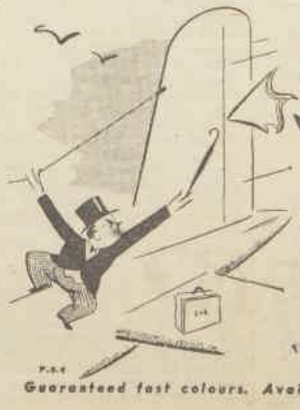

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Contraband

Continued from page 29

THE conductor seemed reluctant. "These belonged to my father," he said slowly, "and to his father. I have no desire to sell them."

"It will be wiser for you to accept a good price for them," Min S'iu said, "than to have me insist on payment of money which you owe me, and which you cannot pay. It was not my doing that you went in debt for a funeral."

"He doesn't want to sell them," stated Susan. "Of course he doesn't. I can see that. Can't we buy them in a shop?"

"I fear not," said Min S'iu.

Sam said, "We could try."

"You might try," smiled Min S'iu. "Ah, yes. Try."

"We'd better buy these," Sam said.

Susan, with the disturbing music in her ears, had been watching the obviously dejected conductor.

"I thought you said you could get bamboo tubes for me," she said abruptly to Sam. The gong's shuddering reverberation seemed to shake through her. "Anyhow, I don't want these. Please take me back to the hotel."

Before Sam could speak, Min S'iu pleaded, "A bargain has been made, Miss Reed. The tubes belong to you. If you refuse them, the conductor will lose much face. His musicians will say that the bamboo tubes were not good enough for you. They would refuse to play under his direction. Thus the conductor would find it absolutely impossible to conduct any orchestra in Hongkong."

"Is that right?" Susan asked Sam.

"Face is a strange thing," Sam said, but he was puzzled.

"Everything, Mr. Gillespie, will be delivered to your office in the morning," Min S'iu said quickly. "I will pay the musicians and conductor," he told Susan, "and present the bill to Mr. Gillespie. If I have been of slight help, it has been a pleasure."

"Could they be sent to my room at the hotel?"

Min S'iu blinked. Once. Sam saw it.

"Mr. Gillespie must have clearances and manifests prepared," Min S'iu informed Susan. "There are many export formalities."

"I'd like to have them while I'm in Hongkong," said Susan, "and take them with me on the ship. I'll work on the way home, and—"

"Of course, of course," Min S'iu said briskly. "No trouble at all. They will be at your hotel within an hour." He added to Gillespie, "You will be there to take care of the details, please," and Sam nodded.

He said shortly to Min S'iu, "Get the stuff to the hotel. Include a statement that everything has been in Hongkong. I don't want any trouble about illegal exporting from China proper. I'll check the instruments so I can swear they'll be exactly as delivered to Miss Reed. Then she can take them on shipboard."

"All you think about," Susan said, "is business, isn't it?"

Sam knew why she had said this; he had broken an illusion for her, one which had been made up of music, and what she herself intended to make out of the rhythms and sounds she was hearing. Music was much to her. She had felt a quick liking for Sam, had been drawn to him as he had to her.

"If Mr. Gillespie has neglected you, Miss Reed," chuckled Min S'iu, "there is a reason. He has jades in mind."

While the Cantonese guffawed at his China-fashion humor, the conductor returned to the stage, started the orchestra playing again.

The music explained the play's situation to the audience. Cold, wind, heat, rain, thunder, and lightning. The theatre trembled with rising sound.

Susan said, when the stormy music fainted down, "That was like a modern nature suite." She turned to Sam, "I've been a bother. Now, if you'll take me to the hotel. And there's no need for you to wait to check the instruments."

"I'd better," said Sam. "It's a formality. That's all."

But he didn't think it was all. He was adding up everything from the conversation Min S'iu overheard in the bar down to the regulations of the Chinese Maritime Service; and, on reckoning the sum, he found it the sort of thing which concerned a fellow like Min S'iu, which could happen in Hongkong.

The Cantonese's interest had been aroused on hearing that the instruments the girl wanted could be shipped out of Hongkong and into the United States without difficulty or critical examination.

To this Sam added each thing which Min S'iu had said or asked about. Jades had been mentioned several times. Perhaps for no reason. But Min S'iu had rolled the word on his tongue. And, possibly purposelessly again, he had asked where Susan lived, which could be important to Min S'iu.

In the hotel room, Susan looked out of the window at stars so bright that the harbor, so dark, became their looking-glass. Sam, watching her from his chair, was silent.

The promised quick delivery dragged to over an hour, indicating to Sam that he was on the right track. If Min S'iu was utilising the instruments to smuggle anything—and what else than jades?—out of China and into the States, the Cantonese needed time for preparation.

Susan kept the conversation going, lightly, until there was a tap on the door. Two Chinese carried in wicker baskets containing the instruments. After an order from Sam, they set the baskets down and then waited for him to examine and count the contents, and, when he had done so, give them a receipt.

If those are porter coolies, thought Sam, I'm a musician.

The statement lay above the cloth-wrapped instruments. The two-stringed violin, castanets, wooden fish, guitar, reeds, cymbals. Susan lifted each up after Gillespie removed the wrappings. She plucked a metal string, which made a thin brassy "ting," like a coin dropped to a floor.

Lovingly, she took the lu bamboo tubes and placed them, up-ended, side by side, on the table. She touched each rounded mandarin-cap stopper, to which the colored cords were fastened, with a fingertip, smiling as she did so; and the two Chinese, Sam was aware, were watching her.

NEXT Susan found the stick with which the bamboo tubes should be struck. With it, she tapped each tube lightly. The graduations of sound, to Sam only thumps on wood, brought a frown to her face.

"They aren't true," Susan said. She tapped them again. "It's this one." She picked up the largest bamboo. "Either it's cracked or there's something inside it. It's not in tune with the second biggest one."

"She is dissatisfied," a Chinese said to Sam swiftly. "Min S'iu ordered me to say that if any object is unsatisfactory he will replace it. The woman is displeased with the large lu. I will take it away and bring another."

Sam said, "Everything is satisfactory. I will say so in the receipt."

"Min S'iu will insist that I bring a better tube."

The Cantonese had prepared his men for eventualities, although Min S'iu had no cause to fear detection when Sam checked the number of instruments.

If Susan hadn't tapped the bamboos, this wouldn't have happened; Sam wished, as he went to the desk, that he had told her of his suspicions. However, he thought, the two ugly-looking Chinese wouldn't dare start anything in a hotel.

Sam wrote swiftly, while Susan looked at the tube in her hand. He snapped, "Take the receipt and go away, or I will have you thrown out."

Unseen by Sam, the second Chinese had stooped and picked up the bronze trumpet. The scream from it came directly in Sam's ears; and as, shocked beyond measure, something seemed to burst inside his head, the other lithe Chinese leaped for the largest of the bamboo tubes.

With one hand he tore it from the girl; with the other he knocked her down. In the same infinitesimal fragment of time during which she fell, the turmoil in Sam's head, for the first time, became an icy void.

Without knowing it, he let out a bellow loud as the trumpet's screech. Somehow he swung a stunning blow at the Chinese who had the tube. Then, infuriated, he swung on the second Chinese, smashing him squarely under the stabbing arm and forcing him to drop the knife.

Sam's next blows were so fiercely driven home that it was as if he now did what he had wanted to do when concentration-camp nights were torture. As if the sight of the falling girl released something within him.

The noise brought hotel boys; the boys brought police. Sam told them that he supposed the pair had intended to rob them.

When they were alone, Susan said, "Why would they want a bamboo tube?" She added suddenly, "When that trumpet was blown right in your ear, you didn't jump as badly as you did in the bar."

Sam was already at work on the largest tube. He removed the stopper; he took a pen from the desk thrusting it inside, measuring the distance from opening to where it touched bottom. Next, also with the pen, he measured the outside, marking better than an inch of difference.

"Min S'iu agreed to deliver here," Sam said, "because he was sure my examination would be just as perfunctory as at the office, and, besides, you wouldn't let me poke around at the instruments."

Opening his penknife, he made a V at the top of the tube.

"I could tell that it was cracked or that there was something in it," said Susan. She sighed as Sam enlarged the cut. "Opium?"

"No. Suppose Min S'iu wanted to smuggle something, which he hadn't bought as yet, out of China and into Hongkong, to escape the export duty. Then suppose he wanted to smuggle this into the States, avoiding the import duty. With such a plan in mind, he could go to whoever owned the dutiable objects and offer him a big price. As to what is in the tube," Sam continued, "it'll be something Min S'iu himself mentioned and seemed happy about. It will be——"

Susan said, "I'd take the tube, along with the other things, home, where he'd have someone steal it from me?"

"He wanted to know where you lived," Sam said.

He worked away; the ancient wood split. A carefully fitted false bottom was revealed, and cotton; and in the cotton were gems, some round, some oval, green in a dozen hues. Jades. The T'ung collection.

"Ah," breathed Susan.

Sam said, "The authorities will give Asiatic-Import first chance to bid." He went on, "Min S'iu was right when he said you had a good ear."

If Susan heard, she gave no sign. Picking up one jade after another, she said, "They're fascinating. They're as Chinese as the music."

"We could look for a jade ring to-morrow," said Sam.

Would she refuse, keep him at arm's length? This was her chance.

"I wasn't really thinking about the jades," she said suddenly. "I was thinking of how you jumped in the bar, and tightened up in the theatre. Was it noise, not music? Wasn't it? But—you didn't go to pieces here, and that was the worst noise of all."

"I'm no good at explanations," Sam said.

The windows were open. People in the hotel's night-club were dancing.

Susan's foot tapped as the music drifted up. Into it, as a distant minor sweetness, was woven Chinese music, different from any which Susan had heard before; and, subtly, the two threads of music became as one in the night.

"A marriage procession," Sam said.

For a moment she was silent, she who understood the effects of music and of shocking sound.

Then, proof that she had been trying to recall everything which had happened, she said: "Mr. Allison told me that you were here all through the war. Interned. Were you kept from sleeping, perhaps by horns, so you'd tell something? Of course! That's why you can't stand loud noises."

"I'll get over it," Sam said.

"A marriage procession," she said. "Can we go and watch?"

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FUNNYMAN

by JERRY SIEGEL and JOE SHUSTER

Attractive JUNE FARRELL, manager for radio comic LARRY DAVIS, plans a publicity campaign with help of his friend HAPPY. Larry captures a jewel thief in his disguise of FUNNYMAN by using trick gadgets in his reversible suit. When the police become curious about him he quickly reverses his suit, removes his putty nose, and becomes Larry Davis once more.

TO BE CONTINUED

As I Read the STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): If contemplating any changes or travel choose July 13 or 19. Be careful during the days between those dates. July 17 can muddle your affairs and bring a disturbing element into your background. July 18 is not very good for health.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): You should have a rather quiet few days from July 13 to 16. Then July 17 brings conditions to stimulate the imagination. You may find concentration difficult, however, and therefore your ideas are unlikely to reach fulfilment. It will be better to postpone important matters until July 19.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Keep a close watch on income and do not try any impractical ventures, especially nearing July 16, 17, and 18. July 19 could be to your advantage, but this is more likely to come through the help of others than by your own efforts.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): July 13 and 19 are your best days this week. July 17 is rather unfortunate, with danger of an incident that might upset domestic affairs. Use care with regard to relatives and correspondence and avoid misunderstandings.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Make the most of July 13 either for pleasure or financial affairs, as July 14, 15, and 16 are not so fortunate. On July 17 guard against becoming vague and impractical, or over-sensitive. Keep to yourself this day. Use July 19 to forward your affairs.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): The only really adverse day this week is July 17, on which appearances will be deceptive. From July 13 some of your friendships appear to be in danger of waning. July 19 could give extra mental stimulus, helping your plans regarding work and career.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Your career and social activities promise to progress satisfactorily from July 13, but extra care will be needed as you near July 16 and 17. Act discreetly, and do not take risks in anything, otherwise your affairs are likely to become disorganised. News from a distance is due on July 19.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): There will be activity in family affairs, and changes, travel, or removals are possible this week. Plan under lucky aspects on July 13. Don't wait until July 16 and 17, when you are bound to meet with confusion. July 19 is a much brighter day for you.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Your finances could show a profit on July 13 and 19, especially if you co-operate with some other person, but on no account accept advice offered to you on July 17, a day that can let you down. Keep to routine on other days.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): A good vibration rules your chart for romance or partnerships most of this week, although July 17 holds some dangers, especially if you allow emotion or fancies to sway you. July 19 can be used to good purpose.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Don't overdo things this week. Let that extra work wait, especially on July 17 and 18. Otherwise health could suffer and nerves become frayed. July 13 is about the best day to push your affairs.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): You may be more than usually anxious to have pleasures, outings, entertainments, and so on, but do not let these lead you into extravagance on July 16 and 17. Avoid over-enthusiasm also on July 19. Your best day is July 13.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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Film star is entertained by forty-five hosts

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

BLONDE Lizabeth Scott, recently recovered from an illness, celebrated her recovery last week by dining out with forty-five escorts.

The party was planned some time ago, when 45 young men from Grosse Point, Michigan, wrote a joint letter to Lizabeth, telling her that they would be in Hollywood early in July, and inviting her to dine with them.

Lizabeth returned their hospitality by arranging for them to visit Paramount Studios.

★ ★ ★

GARY COOPER and Patricia Neal, who clicked in "Fountainhead," are re-teaming in Warners' "Love is a Snowball," by Seymour Gaines. Pat plays a census taker stranded in a Colorado snowstorm, Cooper a Texas oil millionaire.

★ ★ ★

TONY MARTIN'S wife, dancer Cyd Charisse, plays a dramatic role as the other woman in "East Side, West Side," for M.G.M., with Ava Gardner.

★ ★ ★

MARY HATCHER is co-starring with Mickey Rooney in an independent production of "The Big Wheel," with Spring Byington, Fay Bainter, Thomas Mitchell, Michael O'Shea, and Steve Brodie.

SWEDISH star Marta Toren, who starred in Hollywood's "Illegal Entry," was so impressed with its message about aliens and American citizens that she has already applied for citizenship. She next stars in "Sword in the Desert," with Dana Andrews and Stephen McNally.

★ ★ ★

PARAMOUNT'S Hal Wallis Productions have bought an original musical comedy, "Girl From the Follies Bergere," by the French playwright Jaques Reoas, as a film for Corinne Calvet. Calvet sings, dances, and jokes, in direct contrast to her first Hollywood picture, "Rope of Sand," with Burt Lancaster, in which she plays the part of a femme fatale.

★ ★ ★

THE local opening of Tennessee William's play, "A Streetcar Named Desire," and Louis B. Mayer's party afterwards, was crowded with celebrities such as Ethel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Ann Sothern, Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne, Cecil B. de Mille, Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, and their spouses.

★ ★ ★

M.G.M. signed Janet Leigh two years ago without any acting experience. Since then she has made ten pictures, all in the leading roles. Now she gets the part of Lana Turner's romantic rival in "Running of the Tide," a story of early New England, with Ethel Barrymore and Marshall Thompson.

★ ★ ★

IRISH Maureen O'Hara has played Spanish, German, French, English, Hindu, and American roles, now she is an Arabian lady in Universal's "Bagdad." She is looking forward to her first Irish part in director John Ford's "Quiet Man," to be filmed in Ireland. Ford just returned to Fox after illness forced him to abandon directing "Pinky."

★ ★ ★

LINDA DARNELL and her husband, cameraman Peverell Marley, recently adopted a daughter, and now Linda is considering adopting an American Indian boy, because her grandfather was three-quarters Cherokee.

★ ★ ★

JOAN FONTAINE is nervous because she and her husband, William Dozier, have already killed five rattlesnakes at their Canyon home.

DEBORAH KERR takes a lesson in croquet from her husband, Tony Bartley, on the lawn of their home in Santa Monica (California). They returned recently to Hollywood with their little daughter, Melanie, after Deborah had been to England to co-star with Spencer Tracy in the M.G.M. drama "Edward My Son."

MICKEY ROONEY and his bride, Martha Vickers, surprised Mickey's father, Joe Yule, on the set of Monogram's "Bringing Up Father" series, wherein Yule stars as Jiggs, and brought him a cake celebrating Yule's fiftieth year in show business.

★ ★ ★

THE Zachary Scotts went to Mexico to escape the Hollywood social whirl, but met Cobina Wright and Hollywood theatre-owner Lloyd Pantages, and ended up at a huge party at the home of Dolores Del Rio.

★ ★ ★

COLUMBIA signed up June Vincent to team with Victoria Horne as a pair of jewel thieves in "Woman From Headquarters," starring Marsha Hunt.

HEDY LAMARR has finished her first Western, Paramount's "Copper Canyon," and she is leaving shortly for a European vacation.

★ ★ ★

FOX executive and producer Darryl Zanuck wants to star John Garfield with French star Micheline Prelle in "Big Fall," from the Ernest Hemingway story, "My Old Man." Casey Robinson, who is adapting it for the screen, told Garfield about it in Paris, where Robinson's wife, Tamara Toumanova, is dancing ballet.

★ ★ ★

JOYCE REYNOLDS, who used to star in Warners' "Janie" series, is returning to pictures in Columbia's "Girls' School," opposite Ross Ford, with Louise Beavers, Thurston Hall, and Julia Dean.

TALKING OF FILMS

By MARJORIE BECKINGSALE

★ *Bride of Vengeance*

CONSIDERABLE gilding of the character of Italy's historical Lucretia Borgia makes Paramount's period drama a purely romantic affair.

There is only one suggestion of Lucretia's favorite habit of dealing out poison to her enemies, though her brother Cesare is shown as a thoroughly nasty character.

To take the film seriously for a minute would be a mistake, but there is quite a deal of entertainment in watching Paulette Goddard, Macdonald Carey, and John Lund in the Hollywood reproduction of Italian 16th century Court life.

Cesare Borgia (Carey), in his lust for power, casts envious eyes on the rich province ruled over by Duke Alfonse D'Este (John Lund).

He starts to hatch a plot which requires the death of his sister's inoffensive playboy husband Bisceglie (John Sutton).

Cesare's devotion to his sister doesn't stop him from having her husband assassinated, and then plotting to have her blame the poor Duke and marry him in revenge.

Lucretia willingly falls in with the idea, and having married the Duke hands him a goblet of poison.

She doesn't know it, but the Duke has a plan of his own to put Cesare in his place pretty thoroughly by the use of a colossal cannon his workmen are attempting to make workable.

Saved from death by a faithful servant, the Duke gets his cannon into action, when Lucretia, having discovered her brother's perfidy, and her affection for the Duke, rushes to her husband's rescue and helps to fire off the cannon at Borgia's invading army.

So much for the story. Paulette Goddard sweeps about in some gorgeous costumes, but there seems little reason for her extravagant make-up, which is suitable only for a stage production with a distance between footlights and the audience.

Macdonald Carey positively oozes evil and does the only realistic acting.

John Lund is not the swashbuckling type, and his constant smirk becomes tiresome.

The film is at the Prince Edward.

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Film celebrities . . .

AVA GARDNER (M.G.M.) appears as a sultry torch singer opposite Robert Taylor in the action drama, "The Bribe." In contrast is her role of a Victorian belle in "The Great Sinner," opposite Gregory Peck and Melvyn Douglas.

DEBORAH KERR (M.G.M.) was selected to play the role of Spencer Tracy's wife in "Edward, My Son." Location trip for the film, which was made in the British studios, gave Deborah a chance to introduce her daughter Melanie Jane to her English relatives.

ANNE BAXTER (Fox) has completed her role in the technicolor musical, "You're My Everything," in which she co-stars with Dan Dailey. She and her husband, John Hodiak, recently spent a holiday in Mexico, where she bought a collection of Mexican paintings for her Hollywood home.

AUDREY TOTTER (Paramount) co-stars with Ray Milland in the thriller "Alias Nick Beal," directed by the Australian John Farrow. She is under contract to M.G.M. and was loaned to Paramount for the one film role.

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NAME .....

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.....

1 AMBITIOUS ARTIST Eben Adams (Joseph Cotten) is unsuccessful in his attempts to sell his paintings to art dealers Miss Spinney (Ethel Barrymore) and Henry Mathews (Cecil Kellaway).

2 IN CITY PARK Eben's mood of depression is lifted by encounter with a strange little girl, Jennie (Jennifer Jones), who appears about ten years old.

PORTRAIT OF JENNIE

3 SECOND MEETING between Eben and Jennie a few weeks later puzzles him, as Jennie seems so much older.

ROBERT NATHAN'S fantasy novel of an ethereal love affair between an artist and a girl who comes to him from out of the bounds of time has been made into a film by David Selznick.

Many of the early scenes were filmed in Central Park, New York, and themes by Debussy have been used for the background music.

Stars are Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, and Ethel Barrymore, with Lillian Gish and Cecil Kellaway playing featured roles.

Jennifer Jones portrays a girl from the age of ten to the middle twenties.

4 SUCCESS has come to Eben with his sketches of Jennie. Her visit to him at his studio reveals truth about her life.

5 DURING PICNIC in the country Eben discovers that they cannot meet again on earth, as Jennie is spirit of young girl who had died many years before and returned only to help him win success.

6 ACCLAIMED by dealer Mathews as a masterpiece, Eben's portrait of Jennie sees the end of the strange romance, as Jennie's ghost has finally disappeared.

CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 50

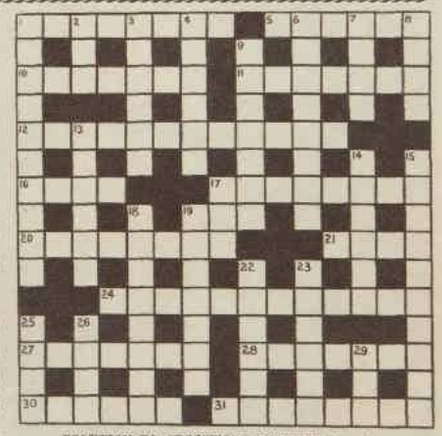
ACROSS

1. Cabinet that makes guardian's charge to dress (8).
5. All Parliamentary aspirants have hoped to have this well done when the cropper came! (6).
10. Reasonable call I go to make after changing (7).
11. Lucerne, wherein a following twice call the diminutive 18 (7).
12. Diet of Hungary! (in opposition to the Long Parliament) (5, 7).
16. Instrument ought to be a ring in (4).
17. Describes the peculiar English of Americans having served a winner and putting in their own coin (8).
19. What's in a bet? It illustrates what I do having the result in the basket (3).
20. Dig a ditch (8).
21. What the naval look-out said to claim the explosive he sighted (4).
24. Not in keeping the contents (cons, what is in it?) (12).
27. Blessing giving is atop the leading Scottish peak (7).
28. Too great a journey? (7).
30. Longs to start the year, but earns only as it finishes (6).
31. Cut the crop before the fruit and make it be visible again (8).

DOWN

1. The author of "Kipps," a writer with heart all right and so graceful in speech (10).
2. Tatter (3).
3. Summon again and make repeat aloud? (6).
4. Makes the kind of voting be to get everyone to turn up (6).
5. A guilty person tender and content is the limit (8).
7. Sing with rhythmic effect till disturbed (4).
8. Goodness! Darling, you are expensive! (4).
9. Neah, jun., has to scoff at bed (7).
13. This Portuguese city owes its extremities to the wine in the interior (6).
14. Makes industrial stoppage take root (6).
15. Run averted (anag.) (10).
17. Wood unchanged when burnt (3).
18. No sonnet is elevating, but why the substitute for one ought the poet compose (8).
19. Takes a century to sum up this narration (7).
22. If 17 down were metal this would be the crude on the coast (8).
23. Dormant, like the skin of fruit turnover (6).
25. To be yapping, tapping inside you'll get the hiding do as you're told! (4).
26. Indian coin (4).
29. If the free are not taken you can expect to pay this (3).

£10, £5, and £2 will be awarded for first, second, and third correct solutions opened. Mark envelope Crossword No. 50 and address The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4081W, G.P.O., Sydney. Entries close July 22, prizes and solution in issue of August 13.



SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST, No. 46.

ACROSS:—1—Mum-bo jumbo. 5—He-mp. 9—Sh-elf. 10—Bare-faced. 11—Staple (anag.). 12—In-roads. 14—A-do. 15—In-set. 17—Bit-er. 18—Hoe. 19—T w/ang. 21—O-nset (O instead of I). 22—Spa (anag.). 23—Me-as-les. 24—Am-ends. 27—Muscovite. 29—Colon. 30—C-ode. 31—In-disposed.

DOWN:—1—M-ask. 2—Mass-tro. 3—Off-spring. 4—Bur. 6—Enchant (anag.). 7—Pedestrian. 8—Afar (hidden). 10—Bee/r-shop/s (anag. posh). 12—In-teat-ate. 13—Pant-o-mimic. 16—Eon. 17—Buttercup. 20—Am-ass-ed. 22—S-addles. 24—Loot (tool turned). 26—Enid (dine turned). 28—Inn.

PRIZES FOR CROSSWORD No. 46: £10 to S. P. Lepihath, 57 McLeod St., Cairns, Qld. £5 to Mrs. I. E. Keana, 7 Grandview Grove, Rosanna, N.22, Vic. £2 to Mr. H. M. Behnsack, Newton Rd., Hectorville, S.A.

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At present the new Hotpoint LM36 range is in short supply, but we're turning them out increasingly quickly to meet your needs.

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You may be interested to know that before my marriage I was a trained nurse and, realising fully the value of pre-natal care and treatment, I took 'HYPOL' before baby was born. I attribute his present splendid healthy condition to the use of 'HYPOL' before birth, and to the regular daily doses he is now getting.
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) RITA M. SCOTT

Sir,
I am taking this opportunity of writing to thank you for the excellent results our three-year-old son has shown since taking your product, 'HYPOL.' He was underweight, and the Doctor at the Hospital recommended 'HYPOL' to us, and since our son has been taking same he has been gaining on an average 1 lb. per week.
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) C. BENNETT.

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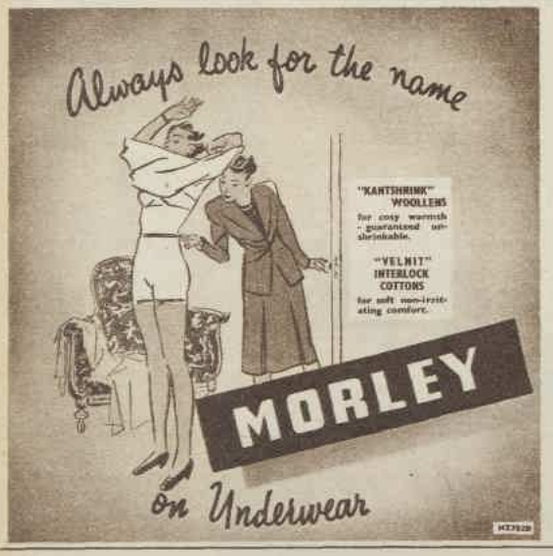

A HANDKNIT featuring dolman sleeves, storm collar, and knitted ribbon tie. Specially designed for sizes 35 and 36.

New-Yorker Cardigan

MATERIALS: 9 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool; 2 No. 10 and 2 No. 12 knitting needles; 8 buttons.

Measurements: Length, 20in.; bust, 35in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 inch.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch; tog., together; rep., repeat; cont., continue; beg., beginning; st-st., stocking-stitch (1 row k, 1 row p); inc., increase; dec., decrease; in., inches; g-st., garter-stitch (every row k).

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 116 sts. and work in st-st. for 5½in.

Change to No. 10 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at both ends of next and every following 4th row until there are 140 sts. on needle.

Cont. in st-st. on these sts. until work measures 10in., ending with a p row.

Shape for Sleeves

Next 2 Rows: Cast on 2 sts., work to last st., work twice in last st.

Next 2 Rows Cast on 3 sts., work to last st., work twice in last st.

Rep. these 4 rows until there are 364 sts. on needle.

Shape Shoulders

1st Row: K 80, (k twice in next st., k 1, k twice in next st., k 27) twice, k twice in next st., k 1, k twice in next st., k 78, k twice in next st., k 1, k twice in next st., (k 27, k twice in next st., k 1, k twice in next st.) twice, k 80.

Work 7 rows in st-st.

9th Row: K 80, (k twice in next st., k 3, k twice in next st., k 27) twice, k twice in next st., k 3, k twice in next st., k 78, k twice in next st., k 3, k twice in next st., (k 27, k twice in next st., k 3, k twice in next st.) twice, k 80.

Work 7 rows in st-st.

17th Row: K 80, (k twice in next st., k 5, k twice in next st., k 27) twice, k twice in next st., k 5, k twice in next st., k 78, k twice in next st., k 5, k twice in next st., (k 27, k twice in next st., k 5, k twice in next st.) twice, k 80.

Work 7 rows in st-st.

25th Row: K 80, (k twice in next st., k 7, k twice in next st., k 27) twice, k twice in next st., k 7, k twice in next st., k 78, k twice in next st., k 7, k twice in next st., (k 27, k twice in next st., k 7, k twice in next st.) twice, k 80. (412 sts.)

Cont. in st-st. on these sts. until work measures 20½in.

Shape Back Neck

Next Row: K 191 sts., turn, and work on these sts. only, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 4 rows. (187 sts.)

Cont. on these sts. until work measures 22½in., ending at sleeve edge.

Shape Front Neck and Shoulders

1st Row: K 80, (k 2 tog., k 7, k 2 tog., k 27) twice, k 2 tog., k 7, k 2 tog., k to last st., work twice in last st.

Work 7 rows in st-st., inc. 1 st. at neck edge of each row.

9th Row: K 80, (k 2 tog., k 5, k 2 tog., k 27) twice, k 2 tog., k 5, k 2 tog., k to last st., inc. in last st.

Work 2 rows in st-st., inc. 1 st. at neck edge on each row.

12th Row: Cast on 4 sts., work to end.

Work 4 rows in st-st.

17th Row: K 80, (k 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog., k 27) twice, k 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog., k to end.

Work 7 rows in st-st.

25th Row: K 80, (k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k 27) twice, k 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog., k to end.

26th Row: Purl.

Shape Sleeves

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., work to end.

Next Row: Work to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

Next Row: Cast off 2 sts., work to end.

Next Row: Work to last 2 sts., work 2 tog.

Rep. these 4 rows until 66 sts. remain.

Now work the same number of rows as worked on 140 sts. on back before shaping sleeve.

Now dec. 1 st. at side edge on every 4th row until 54 sts. remain.

Change to No. 12 needles and work in st-st. for 5½in.

Cast off.

Return to remaining sts., cast off 30 sts. for neck and work on remaining 191 sts. to match first side.

FRONT BANDS

Left Band: Using No. 12 needles, cast on 18 sts. and work in st-st. for 17½in. Cast off.

Right Band: Using No. 12 needles, cast on 18 sts. and work in st-st. for 1in.

Make a pair of buttonholes in next 2 rows, thus:

Next Row: K 3, cast off 3, k 6, cast off 3, k 3.

Next Row: P 3, cast on 3, p 6, cast on 3, p 3.

Cont. in st-st., making pairs of buttonholes at 2½in. intervals until 8 pairs have been worked in all.

Work 2 rows in st-st.

Cast off. (Band should now measure 17½in.)

COLLAR

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 148 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib, keeping 2 sts. at each end of rows in g-st., dec. 1 st. inside the 2 sts. at both ends of alternate rows until 100 sts. remain. Change to No. 12 needles and work in rib for 2in. Cast off.

CUFFS

With right side of work facing, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k 56 sts. at each end of sleeves and work in k 1, p 1 rib for 2in. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press work lightly on wrong side, using a warm iron and a damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams, make ¾in. hem at lower edge and sl-st. on wrong side. Sew on front bands, then turn back and hem on wrong side. Sew round double buttonholes. Sew on buttons to match buttonholes. Sew press-fastener to lower edge of bands. Sew on collar. Press all seams.

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

• *Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.*

AMERICAN dress designers are promoting maternity separates. They say that a planned interchangeable wardrobe is not only attractive but a smart budget plan as well.

Maternity separates

"MY trouble is finding suitable maternity clothes needed in September. Could you suggest and illustrate an outfit I could have copied by my dressmaker?"

A skirt, cap-sleeved overblouse, and flare-back jacket make an attractive springtime maternity ensemble, which will be becoming to your changing silhouette. On warmer days, when you discard your jacket, the overblouse and skirt will be effective.

For the material and color scheme I like the idea of linen-tweed in bright navy-blue for skirt and jacket and yellow for overblouse.

MATERNITY OUTFIT — skirt, overblouse, and jacket — is attractive.

Remodel frock

"ADVISE me, please, how to remodel a light wool frock I had last spring. I still have a yard of the wool. At present the skirt is too short and is rather narrow. The bodice is softly tailored."

Are you sure the skirt of your dress is too short? Since French designer Dior showed his spring collection in Paris, and last January in the States, skirts have gone up with a rush. They are 14 inches from the ground on tall models, and 13 inches for shorter girls. Some skirts are even shorter. Basically shorter and lighter skirts are spring silhouette news. However, numbers of these skirts are full of movement created by long panels and godets placed at the back or side. The panels and godets when still appear to be stitched to the skirt. Actually they are caught at the top only, and in movement a floating effect is achieved. By simply giving your dress a side panel it will be brought right up to the moment in fashion.

On this page in June 18 issue there was a dress sketched with this idea featured. The design illustrates just what I am recommending for your renovation.

Gabardine suit

"COULD you help me with this problem? I have in mind the buying of a wool gabardine suit, but do not know what color to choose or how to have it made. I want it to look smart into spring and early December, when it is still cool here. I wear only tailored styles."

Now and for spring, there are numbers of gabardine suits styled with slim skirts (for extra fashion the skirt can have a floating back panel) and a good variety in jacket designs. One of the most popular jackets is classic in style, knuckle-length, with a longish roll collar, fastened with one button. Another design, and one that is also popular, is a hip-length jacket with cutaway front, worn with a contrasting waistcoat. Pockets are an important point of interest, especially large hip pockets. Skirts measure 14 inches from the ground. Heading the color list is blue—navy, midnight, and sapphire. Honey-blond is also new, and grey, from steel to feather, is still in high favor.

Good foundation

"MY clothes never seem to look attractive, although I have quite good figure measurements. I wear a bra and a good, expensive girdle, yet they don't give me the look I see on other girls who have not my slight build. Can you advise me what to do?"

It's an expensive and depressing thought, but unless your figure is quite perfect current fashions practically call for a corset wardrobe—a special girdle for a tailored suit, a smooth foundation for evening, strapless brassiere for a strapless beach dress, a firm one for a sweater, and so on. However, as very few girls could possibly afford this luxury, my advice is to buy what you can afford with care.

Study your shortcomings and good points, and get the advice of the salesgirl, who is an expert. The right foundation can rearrange your proportions, and the correct bra will give you what you haven't.

Navy jacket suit

"NEXT September I am going on a visit to Melbourne and would like to have a good tailored suit to take with me. Would you recommend a fashionable spring color combination and how to have the suit made? I am 29 years of age, my measurements are: bust 35in., waist 26in., hips 37in."

Have your suit made in navy-blue wool, the jacket straight hanging in front and flared at the back, reaching to wrist length. This type of jacket can be worn unbelted, or belted with a narrow matching kid belt. The skirt could be slim with a kick pleat placed low at the back. Add white touches for that spring look—gloves and hat. Add yellow for that new look—a bag and perhaps a handkerchief spilling from a pocket of the jacket. Wear plain navy kid court shoes. Fancy shoes are out for spring.

SMART STYLES IN *Larger Fittings*

ALL WOOL FROCKING

ME1WW/7.—Smartly styled on slimming lines for the larger figure, this matron's Frock of fine all-wool Frocking has collar revers and yoke effect and is trimmed with pin-tucking on panel; Gored skirt. Shades: Black, Brown, Navy, Royal and Wine. Price 54/6
Sizes: W, SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS, XXXOS.

FLORAL COTTON

ME2WW/7.—Floral Cotton Frock in the popular Shirtmaker style, buttoned to waist-line, with panelled front and yoke. Skirt features 2 pleats at each side of front and tie belt. Shades: Floral designs on Wine, Red, or White grounds. Price 27/6
Sizes: SOS, OS, XOS, XXOS.

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD.
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Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"ENID."—Attractive blouse with bow-tie neckline and tucked front. The material is a rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel pink, and blue.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 41/8; 36 and 38in. bust, 43/6. Postage, 10½d. extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 26/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/3. Postage, 10½d. extra.

"JUDY."—Tailored sports blouse made in rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel pink, and blue.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 38/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 37/3. Postage 9½d. extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 25/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 26/3. Postage 9½d extra.

ALICE.—Smart, long-sleeved shirt-blouse with tucked front. The material is a rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel pink, and blue.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 45/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 47/9. Postage, 1/- extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 30/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 32/9. Postage 10½d. extra.

"MORNA."—Blouse with smartly stitched collar and double pintucks on bodice front. The material is a rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel pink, and blue.
Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 41/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 43/3. Postage, 10½d. extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 26/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 27/3. Postage, 10½d. extra.

• *N.B.: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post.

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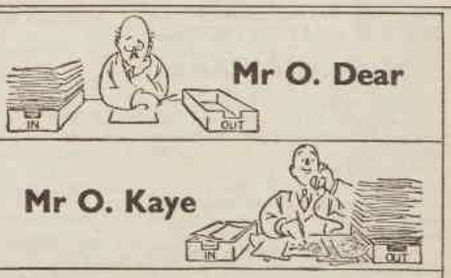
Box 368A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 491O, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



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Mr O. Kaye

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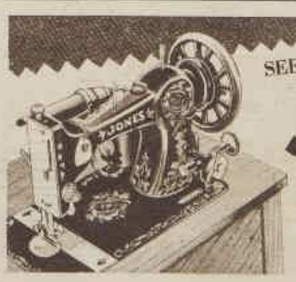

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TRY THIS TYPICAL RECIPE . . . ONE OF THE 101 DELIGHTFUL WAYS TO USE THIS AMAZING PRODUCT

CHOC-O-NUT CAKE

4 level tablespoonfuls coconut, 2 level tablespoonfuls cocoa, 4 oz. White Cloud, ¾ cup sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls boiling milk, 2 eggs, 1½ cups plain flour, 3 level teaspoonfuls baking powder, ½ level teaspoonful salt.

1. *Mix coconut and cocoa with milk.*
2. *Cut White Cloud into a basin, add warmed sugar and boiling milk and cream all thoroughly together.*
3. *Add eggs one at a time, beating well after adding each one.*
4. *Sift flour, baking powder and salt 3 times.*
5. *Add sifted flour and coconut mixture alternately to a creamed mixture.*
6. *Bake in a greased loaf tin in a moderate oven about 40 minutes.*

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3 Winners...

TOFFEES NOUGATS MINTS

A PRODUCT OF WINN CONFECTIONERY CO. PTY. LTD.

CLINGING yet slimming hand-knit, with long torso line, gently sloping shoulders, and V-neck, specially designed for sizes 36 to 38. Notice the pretty lacy yoke and collar. Scatter-pins or brooches would add to the glamor of this jersey. It can be worn with or without a belt.

JERSEY . . for five o'clock wear and onwards

ONE of the new English designs, this handknit is styled for sizes 36 to 38.

The original was knitted in black, but a pastel color would be equally attractive.

Here are the easy-to-follow directions:

Materials: 7 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 2-ply fingering wool, one pair each No. 12 and No. 14 needles, one crochet hook.

Measurements: 36in. bust; sleeve seam, 18in.; length, 24in.

Tension: 9 sts. to 1in.; 11 rows to 1in.

FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 140 sts. and work in g-st. (every row k) for 4in. Now work in patt. thus:

1st Row: K 1, * m 1, k 2 tog., k 1; rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Rep. this row. Work in patt. thus for 1in. Now work in st-st. (1 row k, 1 row p), beg. with a k row, until work measures 5in.

Change to No. 14 needles and cont. in st-st. until work measures 9in., ending with a p row.

Change to No. 12 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at both ends of the next and every following 8th row until there are 158 sts. Cont. straight until work measures 16in., ending with a p row.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 126 sts. remain. Cont. straight until work measures 17½in. Divide for neck:

Next Row: (K 1, m 1, k 2 tog.) 21 times, turn and work on these 63 sts. for one side of neck only. Keeping the continuity of patt., inc. 1 st. at neck edge in every 6th row until there are 72 sts. Work should now measure about 24in. Work 2 or 3 rows in patt. to obtain length if necessary, ending at armhole edge. Shape shoulders as follows:

Next Row: Cast off 11 sts., patt. to end.

Next Row: Patt. to end. Rep. these 2 rows twice more.

Cast off.

Rejoin wool at neck edge to remaining 63 sts. and work to match.

BACK

Work as given for front until armhole shaping is complete and 126 sts. remain.

Next Row: Work 2 tog., work to end (125 sts.). Cont. straight in st-st. until work measures 17½in., ending with a p row. Work in lace patt. until work measures 24in.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 11 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows.

Cast off.

SLEEVES

With No. 14 needles cast on 74 sts. and work in g-st. for 4in. Now work in lace patt. for 1in., then work in st-st., beg. with a k row, and inc. 1 st. at both ends of the next and every 8th row until work measures 6in.

Change to No. 12 needles and cont. in st-st., still inc. both ends of every 8th row, until there are 114 sts. Cont. straight until work measures 18in., ending with a p row.

Shape top as follows:

Dec. 1 st. at both ends of the next and alt. rows until 50 sts. remain. Dec. 1 st. at both ends of every row until 26 sts. remain.

Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams, sew sleeves into armholes matching seams. Work a crochet border all round neck edge thus: 1 row d.c. round back of neck and revers. Into this work shell edging thus: * 4 treble into first hole, miss 1 chain, 1 single crochet, miss 1 chain. Rep from * all round.

Chores of the month

ONLY the hardiest perennials and annuals should be set out while winter lasts. Little advantage is gained by over-early plantings, because loss causes disappointment—and costs money.

You can set out old crowns of delphiniums, Russell lupins, Michaelmas daisies, shasta daisies, geums, heucheras, perennial phlox, chrysanthemums, and similar herbaceous types now—with safety. All except the Michaelmas daisies need an open, sunny position—the others like a little shade.

Onion weed, a pest plant with white flowers and onion-like, silvery leaves, will succumb (in the seedling stage only) to two or three applications of 24D if it is applied during this month. Only lawns containing this pest or bare patches in the vegetable plot should be sprayed with this weed-killer.

If flower beds containing living plants are sprayed they will die, too. Old patches of onion weed, carrying parent roots and bunches of cormels attached, should be dug over carefully now, and they will come away clean with the cormels attached. As spring advances the cormels break away at a touch and soon grow into separate plants, so start now and get rid of this serious weed.

Spray peaches and nectarines now with Bordeaux mixture for the control of leaf-curl disease. Prune stone fruit trees early—some of them break into flower in August if the weather is mild. Stone fruit trees that suffered from brown or black rot last summer should also be sprayed with Bordeaux or lime-sulphur while leafless.—**Our Home Gardener.**

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Practical experience has proved the value of Solyptol Antiseptic. Solyptol prevents infection from germs of disease and insures the natural rapid healing of all cuts and skin breaks. Play safe in YOUR home. Keep a bottle of Solyptol handy.

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Box of 20 Powders, 1/6

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fashion favours...

Red Velvet comes to life in a glowing, wonderful red, slightly burnished with copper. Lips and cheeks will harmonize perfectly with all the colours most praised by Fashion this Winter. Wear ***Red Velvet*** with all the new tawny tans, the toast and burnt-sugar browns. See how it lights the hollyleaf greens . . . the beiges, taupes, yellows and greys that call for such close harmony between clothes and make-up.

Red Velvet

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LIPSTICK 6/- REFILLS 3/9 CREME & COMPACT ROUGE 3/9

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THIS charming handknit is destined for social success. High neckline, gently curving shoulders are fashion highlights. Styled for sizes 34 to 36, it is easy to knit.

For indoors

KNITTED BLOUSE . . .

for winter evenings

THE handknitted evening blouse at the left, designed for evening or day wear, is simple enough to be undertaken by an amateur knitter.

Here are the directions:

Materials: Six skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white); 2 prs. needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19in.; bust, 34-36in.; length of sleeve seam, 6in.

Tension: Seven sts. 1in., 9 rows 1in.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st., stitch.; inc., increase; dec., decrease; rep., repeat; st-st., stocking-stitch.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 112 sts. and work 1½in. in k 2, p 2 rib. Change to No. 10 needles and work as follows:

1st Row: Purl.

2nd Row: P 1, k to end st., p 1. These 2 rows make the st-st. and the p side is right side of work. Rep. them 10 times without alteration of sts., then inc. one st. at each end of next and every following 8th row until there are 126 sts. on needle. From here work without further inc. until back measures 12½in. in depth from cast-on edge.

Shape Armholes as follows: Cast off 5 sts. at beginning of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 10 rows. Cont. over rem. 96 sts. until armholes measure 4½in. in depth on the straight, finishing after a k row. Work is now divided for centre opening.

Next Row: P 48, leave rem. 48 sts. for opposite side. Work 2 more inches on sts. nearest needle point, finishing at opening edge.

* Shape neck and shoulder as follows:

Next Row: Cast off 16 sts., work to armhole edge.

Continued on page 42

For outdoors

Double-breasted coat

FROM America comes this double-breaster design for mid-winter knitting and wearing.

Materials: 24oz. Paton's Blue Bell crepe knitting wool (this is the only wool which should be used); a pair of No. 9 needles; a size 10 crochet hook; 6 buttons; coat pads for shoulders.

Measurements: 34-36in. bust measurement; length of sleeve at underarm seam, 18½in.; length from shoulder to lower edge, 25in.

Tension: 7 sts. and 9 rows to 1in. of pattern.

Abbreviations: K, knit, p, purl; sts., stitches; rep., repeat; inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together; rem., remain; in., inch. Unless using the thumb method in casting on, work into the back of all cast-on sts. to tighten the edges.

BACK

Cast on 130 sts. for lower edge and work as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: * K 1, p 1; rep. from * to end of row.

3rd and 4th Rows: * P 1, k 1; rep. from * to end of row.

These 4 rows make the double m-st. pattern used in coat and are repeated throughout. Rep. them 35 times (144 rows). When work measures 16in. in length, shape armholes as follows:

Cast off 4 sts. at beginning of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 10 rows (102 sts. rem.) Cont. without further dec. until 70 rows have been worked in armholes. Shape shoulders as follows: Cast off 11 sts. at beginning of the next 2 rows, then cast off 8 sts. at beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off rem. 32 sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 90 sts. for lower edge and work 70 rows in patt. Make the lower buttonholes as follows:

71st Row: Work 4 sts. in patt., cast off the next 4 sts., work 25 sts. (26 sts. now on right-hand needle), cast off the next 4 sts., work to end of row.

72nd Row: Work 52 sts. in patt., cast on 4 sts., work 26 sts., cast on 4 sts., work rem. 4 sts.

Work 44 rows, then rep. 71st and 72nd rows for the centre buttonholes.

Now work on to end of the 145th row, ending at side edge. Shape armhole as follows:

146th Row: Cast off 4 sts., work in patt. to front edge.

147th Row: Work in patt. to armhole edge.

148th Row: Cast off 3 sts., work in patt. to front edge.

149th Row: Work in patt. to armhole edge and take 2 tog. at end of row.

150th Row: Take 2 tog., work in patt. to front edge. Rep. the last 2 rows 3 times (75 sts. rem.). Work 6 more rows without further dec., then make the top buttonholes as before, but with 37 sts. at side edge. Now continue without shaping until 57 rows have been worked in armhole, finishing at front edge.

** **Next Row:** To shape revers and neck, cast off 19 sts., work in patt. to armhole edge.

Next Row: Work in patt. to neck edge.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., work in patt. to armhole edge.

Continued on page 42

SPECIALLY designed for protection against chilling blasts, and yet smart to the eye. If desired, shoulder-pads can be eliminated. This double-breaster will fit sizes 34 to 36.

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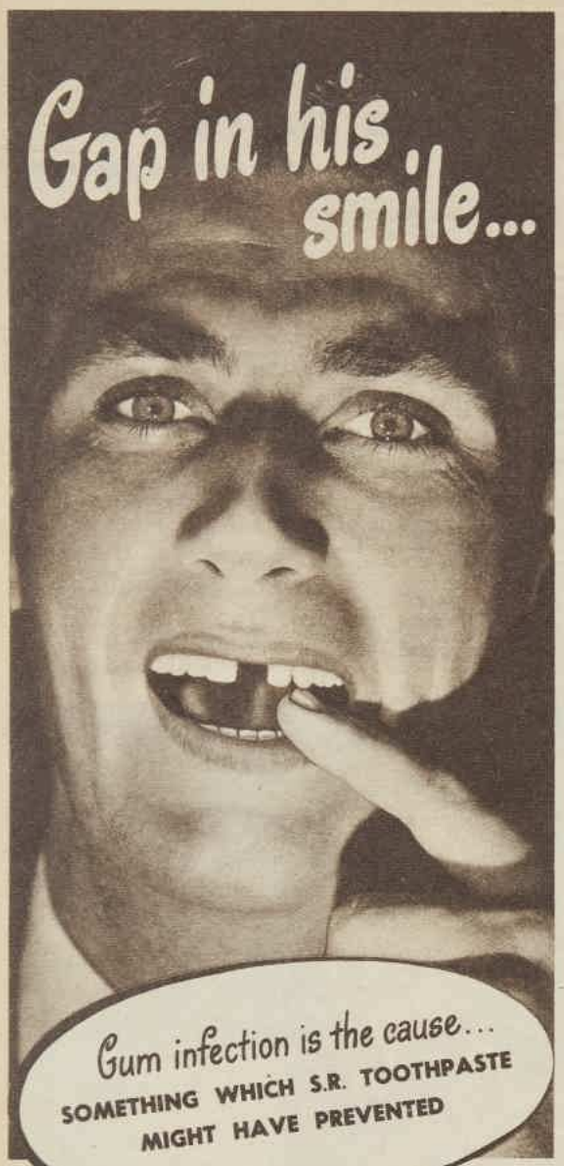

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HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THE NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE

SR.42.142WWz

Double-breasted coat

Continued from page 41

Next Row: Work in patt. to neck edge. Rep. the last 2 rows until 35 sts. rem.**

Next Row: Work in patt. to armhole edge.

*** **Next Row:** To shape shoulder, cast off 11 sts., work in patt. to neck edge.

Next Row: Work in patt. to end of row.

Next Row: Cast off 6 sts., work in patt. to neck edge.

Next Row: Work in patt. to end of row, rep. the last 2 rows twice. Cast off rem. 6 sts. ***

LEFT FRONT

Cast on 90 sts. for lower edge and work 144 rows in patt.

Next Row: To shape armhole, cast off 4 sts., work in patt. to front edge.

Next Row: Work in patt. to armhole edge.

Next Row: Cast off 3 sts., work in patt. to front edge.

Next Row: Work in patt. to armhole edge. Now dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in each of the next 8 rows (75 sts. rem.), then cont. without further dec. until 57 rows have been worked in armhole, finishing at front edge. Rep. from ** to ** in right front to shape neck and rever, then from *** to *** to shape shoulder.

SLEEVES

Cast on 70 sts. for lower edge and work 30 rows in patt. Continuing in patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 10th row until there are 90 sts. on needle.

Increase each end of every following 6th row 5 times (100 sts.). Work without shaping until sleeve measures 18in. from commencement. To shape top, cast off 4 sts. at beginning of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 6 rows. Now dec. 1 st. at beginning only of every row until 40 sts. rem. Now dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 11 rows, then cast off rem. 18 sts.

COLLAR

Cast on 88 sts. and work 3½in. in patt. Now cast off 3 sts. at beginning of the next 14 rows, then cast off rem. 46 sts.

POCKETS

Cast on 36 sts. and work 5in. in patt. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew pockets in position to fronts. Press all pieces under a damp cloth. Join the side, shoulder, and sleeve seams by back-stitching. Sew the shaped edge of collar to neck, matching the cast-off sections in neck and collar and leaving the side edges of collar and revers free. Now work 4 rows of double crochet all round the coat, inc. 1 st. at corners to make them lie flat. Work 4 rows in pocket tops and lower edges of sleeves. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Press all seams and crochet edges. Sew buttons to correspond with buttonholes, and sew a piece of bias tape along shoulder seam to prevent shoulders sagging. Sew pads in position.

Knitted blouse

Continued from page 41

Next 2 Rows: Cast off 10 sts. for shoulder, work to armhole edge and take 2 tog. at end of row, turn, work back to shoulder. Rep. the last 2 rows once. Cast off rem. sts. * Join wool at centre and work the necessary number of rows to make both edges of opening equal in depth, finishing at opening edge. Rep. from * to * to shape this side of neck and shoulder.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 116 sts. and work 1½in. in k 2, p 2 rib. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. as follows:

1st Row: P 23, * k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 14, * rep. from * to * once, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 23.

2nd Row: P 1, k 22, * p 2, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 14, * rep. from * to * once, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 1, p 2, k 22, p 1.

The last 2 rows make the order of sts. Rep. them 10 times without alteration of sts., then, keeping the ribbed panels intact, inc. one st. at each end of next and every following 8th row until there are 132 sts. on needle. From here work without further inc. until front equals back in depth to position of armholes.

Shape armholes as follows: Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 10 rows. Cont. over rem. 102 sts. until armholes measure 5in. in depth, finishing after a 1st row.

Shape neck as follows: Work 43 sts. in patt., cast off the next 16 sts., work to end of row. Continuing on the sts. nearest needle-point, dec. 1 st. at neck edge in every following row until 32 sts. rem., then work the necessary number of rows straight to make armhole slightly deeper than back, finishing at armhole edge.

Shape shoulder as follows: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, starting from armhole edge. Join wool to rem. sts. and shape this side of neck to match completed side.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 84 sts., and work 1½in. in k 2, p 2 rib. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in st-st. as for back. Work 10 rows straight, then inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 4th row until there are 96 sts. on needle. Continue working straight until sleeve measures 6in. in depth from beginning.

Shape Top as Follows: Cast off 2 sts. at beginning of the next 10 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of every following p row until 36 sts. rem. Now dec. 1 st. at each end of the next 6 rows, then cast off rem. 24 sts.

NECK BORDER

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 13 sts., and k 10in. in garter-st. (every row k). To shape end, k 2 tog. at each end of every following alternate row until all sts. are worked off. Make another piece in the same manner.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces lightly. Join the shoulder and side seams. Neaten the edges of back opening with a row of crochet. Sew the borders to neck, leaving 3in. of the shaped edges free at centre front, which are folded back as shown in photograph. Sew buttons to left side of opening and close with button-hole loops. Make up the sleeves and sew into armholes. Sew in small shoulder-pads if desired to give shoulders the square effect.

EQUIPPING THE NURSERY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

ALTHOUGH it is not always possible for babies to have a room of their own, the planning of the nursery, whether it is a corner or a whole room, is a pleasure for new mothers.

A corner at least of a sunny, well-ventilated room is required, and it is easier to collect there most of the equipment the baby will need.

Included in basic needs are the right type of cot and bedding, a screen to protect baby from draughts, a suitable bath, a bath tray and equipment, a low chair without arms, covered napkin pail, and a little wardrobe, which can be made from boxes and three-ply attractively enamelled.

A leaflet giving simple practical hints on equipping and furnishing baby's nursery can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W., if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

A LOVELY GLOSSY POLISH

The beauty and charm of cared-for furniture gives added dignity to home surroundings if it is cleaned and preserved with LIQUID VENEER. There's a new joy awaiting you in the possession of dressing tables, bedsteads, cupboards, chairs and sideboards glowing with LIQUID VENEER preservative polish. Just as good for your car. Obtainable at all good-class hardware stores.

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Mrs. L. B. (original letter in our files) says, "I feel I must tell you of the wonderful difference in my skin since using your 'Vel-lure Anti-Wrinkle Cream.' I do a lot of work in the open, and find that my skin gets very dry and lined. On the recommendation of a friend I began using your cream. The result is most gratifying."
If you are embarrassed by wrinkles on face and neck, crow's feet round the mouth, or creeps, don't hesitate . . . here is something that can help you. Vel-lure active Hormone Wrinkle Cream does more than cover up the surface lines—it digs deep down under the top skin and attacks the wrinkles, creeps, and crow's feet where they begin.
Mrs. L. B., Box Hill, Vic., says the result from using Vel-lure active Wrinkle Cream "is most gratifying."
Vel-lure active Hormone Wrinkle Cream is obtainable from all chemists everywhere. If, however, you cannot obtain it locally, write direct to Valeur Chemical Co., Primrose Ave., Rosebery, N.S.W.

Vel-Lure active Hormone Wrinkle Cream

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The **NYLONS** with the **STRAIGHT SEAMS**

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America's prize recipes . . .

BUTTERSCOTCH APPLE PIE, delicious served with cream, cream substitute, or ice-cream, won first prize of 1000 dollars (£330) in an American cookery competition. Walnuts, when available, may be used instead of almonds.

Homemakers in U.S.A. won big awards with these dishes

PRIZE-WINNING American recipes published on these pages and prepared in our kitchens by our food and cookery experts will interest all homemakers.

Some slight adaptations were necessary to meet Australian conditions.

No paper in the world offers the substantial prizes for cookery competitions awarded by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Recipes given here were entered in the biggest contest of the kind ever conducted in America. The prize-money totalled 3850 dollars (£1285).

This amount is far below the £3000 which will be awarded to our readers in our current great cookery contest, results of which will be announced in our issue of August 6.

Illustrations on these pages include the American sweet recipe which won first prize, 1000 dollars (£330); the luncheon dish which was awarded third prize, 250 dollars (£80); and the fourth prize fish dish which netted 100 dollars (£33).

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

Reader wins this week's £10 prize

RICH, crumbly shortcake with a delicious lemon, cream cheese, and fruit filling is this week's prize recipe.

The filling is absorbed by the shortcake during cooking, making a firm sweet or cake, which is easily cut into wedges for serving.

All spoon measurements are level

LEMON CHEESE CAKE

Pastry: Two and a half ounces margarine, butter, or butter substitute, 1½oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice or few drops lemon essence, 1 egg, 6oz. self-raising flour.

Filling: Four tablespoons cream cheese, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1oz. currants or sultanas, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, extra cream cheese to decorate.

Cream margarine, butter, or butter substitute with sugar and lemon juice or essence. Add egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour, mix to a firm dough. Knead lightly with floured hands, divide into two. Roll one portion to ¼in. thickness, cut into strips 1in. wide. Spiral round base of greased 7in. round tin. Combine all filling ingredients, mix well, spread over pastry in tin. Roll out second portion to fit tin. Trim edge, place on top of filling. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425-deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Invert on to cake cooler. Serve cold (in wedges), topped with cream cheese.

First Prize of £10 to Mrs. J. Morrison, 49 Albert St., Sandringham, Vic.

BUTTERSCOTCH APPLES

Six cooking apples, 12 dates, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup plain flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, pinch salt, ½ cup brown sugar, 4oz. margarine or butter.

Peel and core apples, stuff with mixture of dates, lemon juice, and 1 tablespoon of brown sugar. Sift flour, cinnamon, salt; add balance of brown sugar, lemon rind. Rub in margarine (or butter), working into a paste with hands. Prick apples with fork, cover each with paste, moulding evenly all over. Bake on greased tray in moderate oven (350-deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) ¾ to 1 hour, until apples are tender.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Dimmock, Campbell's Hill, Maitland, N.S.W.

LEMON CHEESE CAKE is delicious served cut in wedges and topped with cream cheese. The recipe wins first prize of £10 in this week's contest. Send in your favorite now—cash prizes awarded every week.

Delicious

Swift

MEAT SPREADS

in the **NEW ECONOMY SIZE**

Delicious SWIFT Meat Spreads — the family's favourite sandwich selection—are now here in the new big economy size. And there's such a choice — five different, tempting varieties. Remember to spread them thickly for real goodness of flavour.

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STIFFLY beaten egg-whites, folded in mayonnaise, flavored with chutney, make a delicious soufflé sauce to coat grilled fillets of fish. The recipe won fourth prize of 100 dollars (£33) in an American cookery contest.

THIRD PRIZE in American cookery contest. Porkettes of pork sausagemeat with sweet potato, pineapple, and bacon. See recipe.

BUTTERSCOTCH APPLE PIE

Two tablespoons softened margarine or butter, ½ cup walnut halves or blanched almonds, ¾ cup brown sugar.

Pastry and Filling: Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, 2½ to 3 cups very thinly sliced apples, juice of ½ lemon, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon flour, ¼ teaspoon each cinnamon and nutmeg, pinch salt.

Spread sides and bottom of 8in. tart plate with softened margarine or butter. Arrange pattern of nuts round sides and on bottom of plate, pressing nuts into softened margarine or butter. Coat well (sides and bottom) with brown sugar, being careful not to disarrange nuts. Roll pastry to ⅛in. thickness on floured board. Line tart plate, reserving sufficient to cover top.

Prepare filling. Slice apples into basin with lemon juice. Add sugar, flour, cinnamon, nutmeg, and salt. Stir to mix well. Fill into plate, level top. Cut circle of pastry to fit top, place in position, moisten edges. Fold edge of pastry lining plate in over pastry top. Press edges together, pinch a frill. Pierce top several times with fork. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 10 minutes. Reduce heat to 350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric, cook 40 to 50 minutes longer until apples are tender — test with fine skewer. Remove from oven. When butterscotch stops bubbling, place serving plate over top of pie, invert, remove tart plate. Serve hot.

PORKETTES

Eight slices pineapple, 1lb. pork sausagemeat, 1 egg, ¼ cup sweet chutney, 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, 1½ cups mashed sweet potato, 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, salt, pepper, 8 bacon rashers, tomato wedges and parsley to garnish.

Combine sausagemeat, chutney, mustard, and beaten egg. Using a little flour, shape into 8 patties, same size as pineapple rings and about ¾in. thick. Beat orange rind and salt and pepper to taste into mashed sweet potato. Shape into patties same size as sausage patties. Cut each bacon rasher in halves lengthwise, cross 2 strips. Split each pineapple slice in halves crosswise. Place one piece on centre of bacon cross. Top with sausage, sweet potato, then pineapple. Bring ends of bacon up over top, secure with cocktail stick. Place in well-greased slab-tin. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) about 1 hour or until bacon is crisp. Serve at once, garnished with tomato wedges and parsley.

GRILLED FISH WITH SOUFFLE SAUCE

Two pounds fish fillets (bream, flathead, snapper), salt, pepper, ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup pickle relish, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, lemon and parsley to garnish.

Wash fillets well in salted water, dry. Place on greased slab-tin. Grill under red hot griller 4 or 5 minutes on each side—time will vary according to thickness of fillets. While fish is grilling prepare sauce. Combine mayonnaise, pickle, parsley, lemon juice. Season with salt and pepper. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Spread over fish, grill 3 or 4 minutes longer until sauce is puffed and lightly browned. Serve at once, garnished with lemon and parsley.

LUNCHEON TOPHATS

One medium-sized eggplant, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, browned crumbs, 6 thin slices of onion, 6 thick slices tomato, 6 thin slices cheese, salt, pepper, parsley to garnish.

Peel eggplant, cut into 6 thick slices. Sprinkle with salt, allow to drain 1 hour. Dip in beaten egg and milk, toss in browned crumbs. Fry golden brown on both sides in small quantity hot fat. Remove from pan, place on greased oven tray. Top each slice with onion, then tomato. Season with salt and pepper. Place cheese on top. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) approximately 30 minutes or until cheese melts and is golden brown. Serve at once, garnished with parsley.

COLONIAL CHICKEN

One frying chicken (3 to 3½lb.), 1 cup flour, salt, pepper, fat for frying.

Batter: One and a half cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 eggs, 1½ cups milk, 3 tablespoons melted margarine or butter.

Cut chicken into service-sized pieces, reserving neck and back for stock. Coat well with flour, salt, and pepper. Brown well on all sides in small quantity hot fat. Drain on kitchen paper. Prepare batter. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Beat eggs until very light, add milk and melted shortening. Add slowly to dry ingredients, beating until batter is smooth. Pour into greased baking dish 12in. x 10in. Arrange chicken pieces in batter. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) approximately 1 hour or until batter is puffed and golden brown. Serve with cream giblet gravy.

CREAM GIBLET GRAVY

In medium saucepan place washed giblets (except liver), reserved neck and back of chicken, 2 cups water, 1 slice of onion, salt and pepper.

Simmer 1 hour, adding liver at end of first half hour. Reserve stock, dice giblets. Melt 2 tablespoons margarine or butter, add 2 tablespoons flour. Cook 2 or 3 minutes, stir in 1 cup reserved stock, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper to taste. Add diced giblets, simmer 5 minutes.

PARSLEY CHIFFONADE SALAD

Wash, dry, remove stems and cut into fine sprigs sufficient parsley to make 6 cups. Place in large salad bowl. Chop whites and crumble yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs. Add to parsley with 3 medium sized chopped tomatoes. In a small screw-top jar, shake together 4 tablespoons salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, pinch paprika, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 2 finely chopped anchovies, ½ clove garlic (finely minced). Pour over salad, toss with fork until well blended.

Perhaps the finest tribute paid to the world-popular De Witt's Antacid Powder is the confidence with which it is recommended by one-time sufferers to their friends and family.

This faith is built on firm foundations, for De Witt's Antacid Powder does exactly what it sets out to do—it conquers stomach suffering, and conquers it speedily.

No matter how long or how severely you have suffered, here is relief, real and lasting—here is the road back to brighter days and restful nights.

There is a simple explanation why De Witt's Antacid Powder works with such efficacy. Among the scientifically blended ingredients is one of the fastest acid neutralisers in existence. This counteracts excess acidity immediately. Other ingredients spread a protective coat over the inflamed stomach lining, neutralising further acid formation as it arises.

Flatulence, heartburn, excess acidity, discomfort and pain all yield to this well-tried and trusted family medicine. Sometimes even a single dose is enough. So take a little friendly advice—keep a canister of De Witt's Antacid Powder handy in the house. Take a dose at the slightest signs of stomach trouble and keep fit and free from after-meal miseries. **For economy's sake,** order the giant 4/6 canister—it contains two and a half times the quantity in the 2/6 size.

De Witt's

ANTACID POWDER

Neutralises Acid - Soothes Stomach - Relieves Pain

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DESERVES THE BEST TRACED LINEN

Few things are treasured so highly as fine art needlework. Your skilful work can only be preserved against the hand of time by choosing the highest quality traced linens . . . "ERIN-ART" pure Irish linens—available in a complete range from d'oyleys and centres to large supper-cloths.

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THESE DO EVEN MORE THAN MAKE YOUR HAIR SHINY, RADIANT, SILKY, LUSTROUS

Sta-blond & Brunitex "MAKE-UP"
Shampoos give that extra touch to your hair that a little "make-up" gives to your face

—because they enrich the natural colour of your hair **4-5 shades.** Sta-blond makes darkened fair and mousy hair **lighter in colour,** more radiant. Brunitex gives dull, dark hair **richer colour.** They stop dry scalp, remove dandruff, leave your hair soft, easy to manage. Try Sta-blond or Brunitex to-day.

NEW! now available in LIQUIDS, too, if you prefer!

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(FOR FAIR-HEADS) (FOR BRUNETTES)

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Puddings and Pies *are Lighter*

Tastier and Easier to make with

KRUSTO

says
ELIZABETH COOKE
famous Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

Yes, your handy packet of Krusto Pastry Mix makes more than pastry ! Use it for delicious puddings and cakes too. They're as rich as any you've ever tasted, yet, if you make them with Krusto, you need add no butter at all. Try these luscious dishes soon and look for other tried and tested recipes on every Krusto packet.

So Digestible Too !

KRUSTO PLUM PUDDING.

1 lb. Fruit (mixed), ¾ cup brown sugar, pinch salt and pinch of grated nutmeg, ½ cup cold water, ½ teaspoon Carb. soda, ½ teaspoon spice. Brandy may be added if desired.

Bring the ingredients to the boil and allow to cool. Add 3 well beaten eggs and 1 packet Krusto Pastry Mix. Beat till smooth. Place in a greased basin and tie a piece of greased paper firmly over basin to make airtight. Steam 3 - 3½ hours. If pudding is allowed to stand, reheat before serving for ¾ hour. Serve with brandy sauce.

KRUSTO APPLE AND RHUBARB PIE.

1 cup stewed apple; 1 cup stewed rhubarb; Krusto Pastry Mix; water.

Add the water to the Krusto Pastry Mix and mix into a medium dough. Turn onto a lightly floured board and knead slightly. Cut into two portions and roll out one to fit pie dish. Lightly mix apple and rhubarb together and place in pie shell. Roll out remainder of pastry and place on top. Flute edges. Decorate as illustrated with left over pieces of pastry. Glaze with egg white. Place in hot oven (450°F), then reduce heat and cook at 400°F. for 20-25 minutes. Serves 4—6.

HOW TO GET PERFECT PASTRY EVERY TIME.

Every ingredient you need for crisp, light, honey-gold pastry is already in Krusto Pastry Mix, it *always* comes out of your oven just the way you like it.

TESTED RECIPES ON EVERY PACKET

JUST ADD WATER, MIX —AND ROLL.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F5568.—One-piece with double-breasted bodice top and graceful all-round pleated skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5569.—Softly styled suit, contrast trimming and buttons add interest to the jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/4.

F5570.—Cosy hooded cape designed for the 1 to 4 years of age span. Sizes 17, 18, and 20in. lengths, or 1, 2, and 4 years. Requires 1yd. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5571.—Flared daytime skirt in plain or fancy wool. Sizes 26 to 32in. waist. Requires 2yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

F5572.—Lace - trimmed nightgown with moulded bodice top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. lace. Price 2/4.

F5573.—Pretty dressy jacket with embroidered yoke motif. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 1/8. Transfer, 1/6.

F5574.—One-piece, with the fashionable pegtop skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 1/11.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 127—SIMPLE SMOCK

Cut out and ready to make, this smock features large pockets and the new American collar. The material is cambric with floral designs in red, blue, and aqua.

Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 15/9. Postage 8½d. extra; 36in. and 38in. bust, 16/11. Postage 8½d. extra.

No. 128—EVERYDAY TEA-TOWELS

Traced ready to embroider, these useful tea-towels, measuring 22in. x 32in., are in linen and are obtainable with variegated borders of green, blue, orange, and red. Price 4/11 each. Postage 3½d. extra. Price 34/3 for set of seven. Postage 2/- extra.

No. 129—THREE USEFUL BIBS

These cute animal bibs are traced ready to make up and embroider in white huckaback. Finish with a gay contrasting bias binding (this is not supplied).

Prices: Cat bib measures 11in. x 14in., 1/1. Postage 1½d. extra. Lamb and duck bibs measure 8in. x 11in., 9d. each. Postage 1½d. extra. Set of three, 2/3. Postage 2½d. extra.

No. 130—D'OYLEY SET

These three d'oyleys are traced ready to embroider. The centre mat measures 5in. x 11in., and the others 8in. x 9in. The materials are cream Irish linen or sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, green, or white and organdie in shades of white, blue, lemon, pink, or green.

Prices: Linen, 1/- each. Postage 1½d. extra. Set of three, 2/9. Postage 2½d. extra. Organdie, 9d. each. Postage 1½d. extra. Set of three, 2/-. Postage 2½d. extra.

● *When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 127, 128, 130, please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

● *TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page* 37

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Beef extract blended with other nourishing ingredients in handy cube form.

OXO CUBE

Hot OXO

SO GOOD TO DRINK
SO EASY TO MAKE
Just add hot water

O.10.6

FIBROSITIS★
and Rheumatic Pain
Fought in 30 Minutes

★ (Pains in muscles, hands, arms, shoulders, back, legs, and joints.)

If you suffer from stabbing, throbbing pains in your joints, hands, back, shoulders, arms and legs, due to Fibrositis, you should do these 3 things to relieve your troubles: 1. Rest the affected part. 2. Use heat applications for temporary relief. 3. Take Romind at mealtime.

Romind is the recently developed formula of an American scientist, and is now available in Australia at all chemists to fight your disabling pains in these 3 ways: 1. It starts stopping pain in 30 to 45 minutes. 2. It removes excess irritating acids and poisons which devitalise your muscles. 3. It kills certain germs which infect muscles and joints.

Because of its three-way action Romind gives quick and positive results and is so successful that you are asked to try it under the guarantee that it must relieve your pain to your complete satisfaction or your money back on return of empty flask. Get Romind from your chemist today.

Note: Fibrositis is a disease related to Rheumatism, but is usually much more painful and requires a special treatment such as Romind. ★

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Get quick, permanent relief with SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP. San-o-lax contains santonin, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly gets to work (usually whilst the child is sleeping) destroying and removing any worm presence. San-o-lax is pleasant and safe to take—children love it! Your chemist sells

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